THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. 113, NO. 3 NEW YORK, MONDAY, JULY 16, 1945 NUMBER 1598

Work for the Big Three

Someone said the other day that at the forthcoming meeting of Truman, Churchill and Stalin, the big problem would be to find anything for them to do. This seems to us completely wrong. There are plenty of huge and urgent problems still confronting the Allies.

One of these is to decide the fate of Germany. It is clear that the agreements thus far reached are far from adequate. In the American and British zones, fraternization is forbidden, although this rule is breaking down in practice. The Russians seem ready to fraternize with the anti-Nazi Germans. While we debate whether to destroy German heavy industry in toto, Russia is confiscating some machinery, but promising the Germans a chance to prosper. The whole general shape of the peace, territorial settlements, reparations, the question of compulsory labor by Germans to help repair the damage they have done in other countries—all these problems remain to be settled, and to be settled in the first instance by the Big Three.

The second great area of unsolved questions is in the Far East. We very much need Russia's participation in the war against Japan, and it is equally important for Russia that she should have a hand in the postwar settlements in that part of the world. As a preliminary to effective action, however, we need a general understanding about broad lines of policy. The future of Manchuria and Korea must be determined, and most important of all, the breach between the Chinese Communists and Chungking must be healed. Both Russia and the United States can play an important part in bringing about this understanding, for which Mr. T. V. Soong's conversations in Moscow the past few days have no doubt been at the least a valuable preliminary. The Big Three do not lack grave problems on which to work. On the contrary, the closer we get to the end of the war, the greater the difficulty in keeping the Allies on an even keel and a common course.

Poland: New Phase

A few weeks ago, the isolationist American press was freely predicting that the San Francisco conference would and should break up over the Polish question. Today, that question has been solved in all its most important elements. The Warsaw government is being broadened, democratic elections are to be held, Britain and the United States have joined Russia in recognizing the new regime, and the government-in-exile, in London, is in the process of being liquidated. The solution of the Polish affair is certainly not perfect; but this is an imperfect world, and it is doubtful whether anything better could be obtained at the present time. The United Nations Organization should prove a valuable instrument for future assistance to the Poles in their effort to create a stable, peaceful and prosperous regime.

The Russia-hating American press has long argued that once anybody got into the clutches of Soviet Russia, he was never again permitted to escape. For the record, let it be noted that this seems to be false so far as it concerns the Poles. When the Germans were advancing eastward many thousand Poles, and especially Polish Jews, fled before them into Russia

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1945, IN THE U.S.A. BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49 ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

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and have remained under the jurisdiction of the USSR. It has now been agreed between Warsaw and Moscow that any of these individuals who wish to do so may return from Russia to Poland, except that they may not be accompanied by Soviet citizens to whom they are related only by marriage. (If previous history is an accurate guide, Russian wives of Polish citizens will in normal cases be allowed to accompany their husbands.) The returning Poles may take with them two tons of property if they are farmers, or one ton if they are city dwellers. The problem of displaced persons throughout Europe is a tremendous one, so big that the question of how to deal with it staggers the imagination. Here is at least one case where a beginning has been made on it.

New Faces in Washington

President Truman has now appointed six of the ten members of his cabinet. Only the posts in War, Navy, Interior and Commerce are still filled by Roosevelt men. Washington is buzzing with gossip that the Secretaries of War, Navy and the Interior may soon be replaced. The Secretary of Commerce is Henry Wallace, leader of American liberalism, chief remaining exponent of Rooseveltian ideas, and the man who, after Mr. Truman had nosed him out for Vice Presidential candidate at the Chicago Convention, turned in and did his best to get his rival elected. The President would be lacking indeed both in gratitude and political common sense if he now asked Wallace to resign.

That Morgenthau should leave the Treasury was, no doubt, inevitable. He was a Roosevelt man in the fullest sense of the word, and there was little reason why he should wish to stay or Mr. Truman wish to have him. In Fred Vinson, the President has picked for Secretary of the Treasury a man who will follow the Roosevelt line in general. He looks particularly good when compared with Senator George, who was prominently mentioned (by his friends, the conservative press) as a possible nominee. Senator George advocates precisely the program which was practiced in the late twenties and brought on the depression of 1929. He is obviously eager to put these ideas again into effect and bring on the depression of 194(?).

Harry Hopkins's departure from the White House was as inevitable as that of Morgenthau from the Treasury. Hopkins was Roosevelt's personal adviser and messenger boy. We doubt whether Mr. Truman will use anybody in exactly the same way, but if he does, it will be his own choice, some old friend who is a member of the Missouri crowd. Mr. Hopkins has had both conspicuous successes and failures on his record. Certainly he is well entitled to enjoy his new job at $25,000 annually as impartial chairman of the New York garment industry. We understand the job takes about two hours a week.

Mr. Truman has still another appointment on his hands with the resignation of Mr. Justice Roberts from the Supreme Court. Justice Roberts, now very much the most conservative member of the Court, pleads age as his reason; he is about 70 and Chief Justice Stone is 73. It is a milestone of the progress made in the past eight years that Justice Roberts should seem a conservative today. In terms of the supreme bench as it existed at the time of Mr. Roosevelt's famous "court packing bill," he would be decidedly liberal.

The Truman Honeymoon

In Washington it is predicted that the United Nations Charter will be ratified by August First. The chances for Bretton Woods are also said to be bright. Mr. Truman's prestige with Congress is high; his nominee for Secretary of State was approved with no discussion at all. It is important to remember, however, that the Truman honeymoon exists in regard to international affairs only. On domestic matters, Congress remains in a grimly reactionary mood, though not quite as bad a one as the shameful FEPC filibuster, which has tied up the funds of some 16 important war agencies, would suggest. (Actually, a majority in both houses favors the FEPC, but is thwarted by a willful minority.) Let Mr. Truman really try to carry on the New Deal program, and see how quickly his friends on the Hill will slap him down.

Congress is determined to do nothing adequate about unemployment in the postwar reconversion period, which is in fact already upon us to some extent. It is, on the other hand, determined to make ridiculously large gifts to business for reconversion purposes, gifts which are in many cases quite unnecessary. It has bungled the matter of a public-works program to take up the slack when we have four or five million unemployed, as will soon be the case. San Francisco and Bretton Woods are certainly important, and should not be minimized; but it is also important that this country should remain strong and prosperous, that our resources, skills and manpower should continue to be used to the maximum; and if this Congress won't do the job, we must elect one that will.

Getting Tough with Argentina

In recent weeks, American newspaper correspondents in Buenos Aires have performed a useful and courageous service. They have been reporting the facts about the cruelties committed by the present fascist Argentine regime, and have made clear that that regime is in no sense entitled to be a member of the United Nations. Fascism follows the same pattern all over the world, and no one should be surprised that several of these correspondents have received "anonymous" threats by telephone of personal violence unless they stop telling the truth about Argentina. It

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is welcome news that the American Ambassador, Mr. Spruille Braden, has warned the Vice-President, Colonel Juan Perón that our government will hold Argentina strictly responsible if any American newspaper correspondent is harmed. Any attack would almost certainly come at the instigation of the government; while irresponsible violence by individuals is faintly possible, the government has the duty to make sure that no such assault takes place.

Steel for Franco?

Philip Murray, head of the CIO, makes a detailed and substantial charge that plans are afoot to ship 200,000 tons of steel to Franco, although steel is still extremely short in this country, with only the narrowest margin available beyond war and essential civilian uses. The producers, it is said, are delighted to send steel abroad because it can be sold there at uncontrolled prices, whereas on the domestic market prices are managed and profits are limited. The Foreign Economic Administration denies Mr. Murray's charge, saying that no steel has been sent to Franco and there are no plans to send him any. We hope this is a genuine statement of the facts; unfortunately, it sometimes happens in Washington that a denial is issued by one governmental body while another one is carrying out the activity that is repudiated. It is well known that Franco has powerful friends in this country, both within the government and outside of it. Needless to say, there is no possible argument, either in morality or expediency, for helping Franco. His friends here can no longer hide behind the dubious cloak of military expediency as they did while the European phase of the war still went on. At that time, his apologists in our government insisted that they had kept Franco from entering the war against us. But in fact, he did enter the war against us; he sent his soldiers to fight the Russians, and he aided Hitler and Mussolini in every way that he could. Moreover, secret Axis documents recently discovered show that only Mussolini's objections kept Hitler from invading Spain to fight the Allies, and that Franco's attitude had nothing to do with it. Certainly, for us to send 200,000 tons of steel to Spain would be an inexcusable truckling to a fascist regime.

People in the Limelight: Dennis Chavez

Senator Dennis Chavez (D., N.M.) has stayed in the fight for a Fair Employment Practice Committee when no other Senator would undertake the leadership of that cause. As a rule, Chavez is among the quiet members of the upper house, seldom joining in Senate fights. But he is aware of the difficulties confronting minority groups in this country from his intimate knowledge of the Spanish-Americans in his home state. In the past, he has consistently struggled to get a fair deal for the Puerto Ricans. The American Negroes will not soon forget what he is now doing for them.

The chief leaders from both parties in the House and Senate have now joined to devise a strategy for putting through the compromise proposal of a $250,000 appropriation which the Senate has already approved. This compromise has a fair chance of being adopted. Since the FEPC needs about $600,000 annually to do any sort of job, this is a case where five-twelfths of a loaf is not much better than nothing. It does, however, keep the name of the FEPC alive and give us a chance to continue the fight in which Senator Chavez has played such an important part.

Military Review

Less than eight months after he proclaimed "I have returned" to the people of the Philippines over the radio from Taclóban, on Leyte, General of the Army Douglas MacArthur announced that the entire archipelago had been liberated. It is true, as his victory communiqué points out, that guerrilla fighting will continue against isolated Japanese remnants—who are estimated to total about 30,000 men—but MacArthur thinks, speaks and writes in the broadest strategic terms. And in those terms, the campaign is ended, although the mopping up will take a long time, and will also take the lives of both American and Filipino troops.

According to the General, who is not noted for false modesty in his claims of damage done to the enemy, 410,000 Japanese have been killed and 10,000 have been captured in the Philippines. About two-thirds of the dead are said to have been counted on the field of battle, while the remaining third are estimated to have been drowned in the sinking of transports on their way to reinforce Ormoc and other points where the Japanese were hard-pressed. Neither figure should be taken too literally. In the second category, there is

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Beware of This Mobilization

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especially grave doubt because some observers believed that most of the enemy transports had unloaded their troops before the bombers got to the ships. Nevertheless, the total number of Japanese reported to have been in the Philippines checks fairly closely with the 450,000 accounted for by MacArthur's headquarters at the time victory was proclaimed. Certainly, Allied forces must have destroyed a great number of Japanese of whom no trace has been found, so perhaps the two discrepancies cancel each other out.

If the over-all figure is even approximately correct, the liberation of the Philippines represents the campaign in which the Japanese army suffered its greatest losses to date, far exceeding even those inflicted in Burma by the British Fourteenth Army with its associated Chinese divisions and a small American force. However, the loss of manpower as such is not of great concern to the Japanese high command. It has had available, for several years, a greater number of men than it could possibly equip. Even if the Japanese high command had been anxious to return its garrisons from the Philippines to the homeland, it would have been unable to do so, thanks to the blockade of the sea lanes, and their complete severance with the capture of Okinawa. The enemy now has openly admitted that the garrisons cut off farther to the south, in the great islands of the Netherlands East Indies, must fend for themselves. Aside from its effect on the Filipinos themselves, the greatest benefit which accrues from the successful campaign in those islands is strategic: everything to the south has been cut off, and a great land base has been secured, from which a drive to the north can be mounted.

The war against Japan now enters a new phase. Most of the island positions needed to facilitate the Allies' approach to the target have already been secured: Iwo, Okinawa and the Philippines. It is possible, indeed probable, that other islands in the Ryukyu chain may have to be captured, to supply additional acreage for Allied air forces engaged in the pre-invasion bombing of Japan, and perhaps also to serve as staging areas. It is possible that a landing may yet be made on the China coast: there is considerable pressure for such a landing, as Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek has made clear in recent statements, and the securing of a beachhead position there would serve as flank protection for Allied forces moving northward from the Philippines and Ryukyus. Moreover, airfields on the China coast would be valuable in completing the blockade of Japan and in cutting down coastwise Japanese traffic in the Yellow Sea. However, the idea of a landing in China has, besides its obvious advantages, one major disadvantage: it would involve a dispersal of force at a time when most Allied commanders, and especially those in the United States Navy, are clamoring for a concentration of all available force for a quick blow direct at the heart of Japan.

One of the less reassuring features of the progress of the war in the Pacific is the confused command situation. The announcement in April that General MacArthur would henceforth command all ground forces, and Admiral Nimitz all naval forces, was deceptively simple, and not a fair representation of the facts. At that time, Army forces were fighting on Okinawa under Nimitz, and not until the island had been secured did MacArthur gain control of the Tenth Army, placing it under the command of General Joseph W. Stilwell. Now General Spaatz has been named to command the air forces engaged in bombing Japan. Thus, there are three commanders in the Pacific (aside from Chiang in China and Admiral Mountbatten in Southeast Asia) whose activities are not coördinated by an Eisenhower on the spot, but only by the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington—9,000 miles away from the front. It is too simple to assume that all the command difficulties in the Pacific would be resolved if an overall chief were named, but it is certain that the present system, confused and complex as it is, constitutes a barrier to victory rather than a help.

Policy in Germany

THE ARTICLE on page 65 of this issue, "Germans Have No Rights," offers an incomplete summary of evidence which is accumulating in increasing volume to show what American policy in Germany is in practice, and what its bearing is on the chances of German democracy. From this evidence the following conclusions seem to be inescapable.

First, those who have argued that there are no surviving German opponents of Nazism, and that there is no basis for a democratic movement in Germany, are mistaken. This does not mean that a majority of Germans are democrats at heart, or that a popular revolt would have destroyed Hitler's regime if it had not been for the Gestapo and military repression. It does mean, however, that hundreds of thousands of Germans opposed the regime long before it began to lose the war, that many of them suffered imprisonment on this account, and that of these many have survived. It also means that there are active, though separated, underground movements, the leaders and members of which were not discovered and arrested. Some of these worked among the young people in schools and colleges. In addition, there are uncounted numbers who, while they did not attempt active opposition, disliked the regime and would gladly welcome liberal democratic institutions if they had the opportunity.

Second, the evidence shows that the policy of the American Military Government is entirely negative in relation to any chance for German democracy. While it attempts to exclude active Nazis from positions of power and responsibility, it does not always do so and

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often rejects German help in achieving this aim. German political organizations of all kinds are suppressed, including the most reliable anti-Nazi and the most democratic ones. The apparent endeavor of the governing authorities is to impress upon all Germans a sense of collective and individual guilt for what the Nazi government did, while declining to say what the penalties will be or to offer any hope of redemption or indeed any policy whatever as a guide to the future of the German people. There is not the slightest hint that even the most convinced anti-Nazi among the Germans is to be permitted a sense of participation in the punishment of the criminals who have oppressed and misled his nation, or offered any means of voluntarily helping to make reparation for the injuries it has caused, as a prelude to better world citizenship in the future.

Finally, the evidence is persuasive that there is very little similarity between the policy adopted toward the conquered population by the Russians and that followed by the Western Allies. We do not yet know the details of what the Russians are doing. Apparently, they are exercising no mercy toward those whom they regard as war criminals and have no hesitation in utilizing for reconstruction of war-damaged regions in their own land whatever German machinery and manpower they require. At the same time, however, they do not insist on non-fraternization; they do allow the organization of political movements on the Left; and they promise the Germans not only a fruitful life in the future, but as many of the amenities as are possible in the present, so long as they cease to follow the Nazis and the militarists.

Aside from the relative desirability of the courses followed by the Russians and the Western Allies, it is clear that differences of this sort make no sense whatever under what is supposed to be a joint government. They will, if they continue to exist, endanger future peace. In spite of the fact that the Germans seem to have feared Russian occupation more than American or British, they will not long fail to prefer a rule which offers them hope and activity to one which denies both. Those political movements encouraged by the Russians will gain adherents in western Germany, and Russian influence will be enhanced at the expense of that of the Western democracies. This will in turn stimulate the fear of the Soviet Union and the suspicion of its purposes in Britain, France and America, which are already dangerously active.

The policy of the American Military Government, clear though it may be, comes to a dead end as far as the future of Germans is concerned. Though we are doing our governing largely through Germans individually chosen by us, we are preventing the growth of any autonomous forces which might eventually take over the government of Germany. So long as we follow this policy, we must continue the occupation. Apparently on the basis of the theory that Germans are inherently incapable of democratic self-government, we are inhibiting forces which otherwise might work in that direction. As long as we are in command, we may be able to exact obedience, but that will do nothing to avoid the creation of a political vacuum when we step out. Into that vacuum, something is bound to flow. It will be occupied either by the reactionary forces which projected Germany into the recent war or by whatever political movement may be allowed to function under the Russian regime. We, as believers in democracy, will have abdicated the chance to encourage democracy in Germany, while the Russians are taking the common-sense course of allowing room for the growth of the sort of German regime which they favor.

No one can accuse the Soviet government of having such tender feelings toward Germans that it wants a "soft peace" for sentimental reasons. Nor are its leaders noted for leniency toward those whom they recognize as their enemies. Apparently they have made the sensible decision to deal quickly with those who are irredeemable and to get as much help from Germany as they can in repairing war damage, but not to embark on the fantastic program of permanent punishment of a whole people. Those Germans who cannot be disposed of must be conciliated. The Russians apparently do not see any insuperable difficulty in allowing a future for the Germans while depriving them of any conviction that the war was justified or any hope that they will be allowed to start another.

It is high time for the American and British governments to install a positive policy in place of their present negative one, on the basis of which coördination with the Russian military government may be possible. What should be the major elements of such a policy?

The chief aim, of course, is to safeguard future peace. This will require measures both destructive and constructive. We must destroy the German war machine by bringing the war criminals to justice, ending the German General Staff and preventing German rearmament. We must also destroy the power of the German Junkers and industrialists to erect another state subservient to their wishes and to build a new war machine. Positively, we must create in Germany a democratic movement and government capable of filling the places of those whom we depose, and of offering the German people a sufficiently good life so that they will not regret the change. Even if there were no trace of democracy in Germany, we should have to try to create one. Fortunately for us, however, the human materials for the sort of movement we want already exist.

It is relatively easy to punish individuals and disperse unwelcome organizations. It is more difficult to decide what should be done about the material basis of Germany's war-making power. What shall be done with the industries which equipped her armies? It has been stated that this question has already been an-

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swered by the physical destruction which preceded our victory. This statement is neither literally true nor permanently tenable in so far as it is true. Many buildings and machines remain. Others can be produced in a surprisingly short time by a people trained in the skills and habits of industry. Even if a large part of the remaining industrial equipment were removed by way of reparations, the Germans could soon manufacture and install machines of later design which would give them a competitive advantage. Industry is not simply physical things: it is an institution woven into the entire pattern of a culture.

We might, either by permanent military occupation or by permanent threat of war, prevent the Germans from rebuilding their industry. Unfortunately, however, we could not on any large scale prohibit the existence of factories useful in war without also prohibiting factories necessary for an acceptable life in peace. The utmost we could do would be to prevent the actual use of these factories for the manufacture of armaments. To condemn the German people to live without heavy industries would be to create a poorhouse in the center of Europe which would infect the whole body of the continent with economic disease, and would deprive of popular support any government which did not combat our will. Germany without great industry is Germany without hope. We shall have to allow the reactivation of a good deal of German industry even to restore the communication which is necessary to prevent starvation and to provide elementary shelter and heat for the victims of war destruction.

Though the great majority of Germans derived their sustenance from industry, they did not own it or control its policies. We can leave the plants and the jobs for the use of the Germans without leaving the ownership and policy-making in the hands of those who were responsible for their misuse. What would be simpler—or more just—than to deprive the guilty industrialists of their political and war-making power by taking their property away from them? Public ownership of the basic German industries is the obvious answer. And since no German state exists which yet can be trusted with that power, public international ownership must be called in.

If German coal mines, steel and aluminum plants, railroads and power systems were owned by public corporations on whose boards representatives of the victorious nations exercised the power, we should no longer have to fear the use of corporate funds to subsidize reactionary movements or the use of the plants themselves to manufacture armaments. We should have to be careful to prevent exercise of this control from getting into the hands of the cartellists in any country, but this would be relatively easy in view of the fact that industry is already nationalized in Russia, and socialization of the heavy industries is making rapid progress in Western Europe. Competent technical direction could easily be obtained without yielding power to the former war-makers, and the whole institution could be safeguarded by allowing representation to a democratic German labor movement.

To restore German industry would not necessarily be to restore the kind of German industrial dominance which existed before the war. Industrialization is likely to advance in all countries, and the balance of manufacturing power will be more evenly held throughout the world. One of the chief aims of the United Nations is an expanding world economy with a generally rising standard of living. In such an economy, many more industrial products would be needed than have ever been produced in the past. There would be an opportunity for German workers to make a decent living without permitting anything like the former German dominance in many foreign markets.

The world cannot safeguard its future peace without preparing to condition the Germans for a participation in its activities commensurate with their needs and abilities. It is in this direction that the only long-term hope lies. We cannot restore Germany as a separate sovereign nation among other separate and sovereign nations without imperiling the lives of our children. But if we are to build an interdependent world in which national boundaries will cease to be such high economic and cultural barriers, we can deal sensibly with the German problem. In that case, even troublesome boundary questions will assume less importance. Even though the Poles may be on the Oder and the French on the Rhine, the Germans may still lead a healthy and a happy life, provided exclusive economic nationalism does not prevail. But nothing we can possibly do will convince Germans yet unborn that they deserve to suffer permanent inferiority in their opportunity for life because of the sins of their ancestors. To stop our thinking with considerations of guilt and punishment is to invite counter-vengeance in response to vengeance.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Germans Have No Rights

LEONARD LYONS, New York *Post* gossip columnist, recently visited Colonel Charles E. Keegan, head of the Allied Military Government in Munich. He reports: "We drove to Colonel Keegan's house to spend the night. There the Bronx Alderman, Governor of Bavaria, wearing Hitler's military cap, sat at the piano playing 'Don't Fence Me In' and told of the complaining Germans to whom he had but one answer, 'Rights? You got no rights! You're conquered, ya hear? You started this war and you lost. Get it through your heads: you lost. You got no rights.' "

One of the Germans, for instance, who in Colonel Keegan's opinion has no rights, is Dr. Hermann Brill. Appointed president of the government of Thuringia by a progressive AMG officer, Dr. Brill is fortunate enough not to live under Colonel Keegan's regime. A veteran of the German anti-Nazi underground, a Socialist, Brill was arrested by the Gestapo in 1938 and held in Buchenwald concentration camp until he was freed by the Allies some weeks ago. Even in Buchenwald he managed to write political pamphlets, which were smuggled out. This is the reason why Brill, if he were living in Munich, would have no rights.

Brill, it happens, also had a visitor recently, not a gossip columnist, but an American army officer. He writes: "Now another, but bigger story! Today I saw Dr. Hermann Brill, former director of the Thuringian Ministry of the Interior. . . . At present he is asked by our military government to form a provincial government. . . . He is very busy, has lots of visitors, but saw me immediately and was obviously deeply touched by my visit. . . . He related some of his experiences and cried—an older man, mind you—like a child on my shoulder. He spoke of his intellectual and physical starvation and I promised to bring him food of both kinds tomorrow. I'll bring him Welles's *The Time for Decision* and Lippmann's new book. Seeing and listening to this man was another emotional strain, one of the very many during my past few weeks."

Colonel Keegan in Munich has no emotional strains. He sounds as if he had not read either Welles's or Lippmann's books, and, to quote Lyons again, "rules Bavaria with the fundamental conviction that Germans are either at your heels or at your throat." Dr. Hermann Brill, for instance.

One of the cities under the Colonel's jurisdiction is Rosenheim. We know a little bit more about what has been happening there than elsewhere because New York *Times* correspondent Raymond Daniell seems to have taken special fancy to that upper-Bavarian town. It appears that, due to the Nazi program of agricultural rationalization and centralization, Rosenheim and surrounding villages are faced with a grave food problem, now that the Nazi system has collapsed. If any action is taken, Daniell wrote on May 23, "it will have to be taken by the Americans, for the years of dependence on orders from above created a lack of initiative on the part of local officials that is almost unbelievable."

The most important local official responsible for this "lack of initiative" is the *Kreisbauernführer*, a post created by the Nazis to stimulate agricultural production. Although, as Daniell reports, "Farmers hate the centralization established by the Hitler regime and are determined, when the chance comes, to go back to the old way of doing things," the Nazi *Kreisbauernführer* was reinstated by the American occupation authorities, though he had been removed from office immediately after the Allies entered the region. The explanation given is that this Nazi gentleman is best informed on the productive capacities of the area.

Two days later, on May 25, apparently after further investigation, Daniell reported that "Many persons who thought the advent of American troops would end the Nazi regime at one swoop, are beginning to become disillusioned, disheartened and afraid to coöperate with the occupying authorities." Fortunately, however, the local farmers and workers did not allow themselves to be intimidated by either the Nazis or the AMG authorities. They continued gunning for the chance to clear their area of Nazis. On June 11, Daniell reported, "a deputation of six councilmen called on Captain Theo, the American military governor, and presented complaints against the *Bürgermeister* orally. Captain Theo told his callers that he was busy and asked for a complaint in writing."

The objectionable mayor was Max Drexl, an attorney for big business and industry in the area who, according to the residents, has been a dues-paying member of Hitler's Elite Guard since 1933. It seems that businessmen of the community managed to convince the occupation authorities that Drexl had no direct party connection. On June 12, therefore, a written complaint was presented against the Nazi mayor. It charged that because of his "relations" with the Nazis, Drexl was protecting and favoring them and "sabotaging" the declared aims of the military governor. But nothing happened. So, on June 14, by unanimous vote of its members, the Rosenheim city council adopted a resolution for the removal of Drexl from office, "subject to the assent of the military governor," and nominated as his successor Joseph Sebald, Social Democrat and former union official who had been twice sent to Dachau for resistance to the Nazis. Captain Theo was informed that Drexl's connection with the Elite Guard could be proved by recently discovered

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membership lists. But again nothing happened. On June 18, Daniell's report concludes, "another delegation of councilmen called at the military government office, but Captain Theo sent out word that he was too busy to consider the merits of the case and that Drexl would have to remain as *Bürgermeister* until he had more time to look into the matter."

If the Rosenheim incident were unique, it could be overlooked. But it is not. Similar situations have been reported from other American-occupied areas. In a letter to the editor of *PM*, Senior Sergeant Robert L. Krause, who claims to have seen many AMG units at work in the Rhineland, writes:

> It has been my experience and the experience of all of my GI colleagues to find whole areas infested with local Nazis, most of whom have AMG-appointed jobs. . . .
>
> Several situations in various localities have occurred where German civilians who tried to see the AMG officer to complain about the appointment of Nazis were turned away by AMG-appointed policemen who were themselves Nazis. . . .
>
> The fact that practically no AMG personnel can speak German is rather well known. . . .
>
> If all the stories . . . were collected and printed, they would make volumes. There is no doubt that in some areas the AMG has done a conscientious job of cleaning house, but these places are the exception rather than the rule. . . .

If the Rosenheim incident were the result of a "we-have-no-policy" policy, it could at least be understood. But it is not. We do have a policy, and it is this policy, ordered by Supreme Headquarters and promulgated in Bavaria by Colonel Keegan, which Captain Theo loyally carried out in Rosenheim. It is the policy of preventing, apparently under all circumstances, any democratic initiative by Germany's anti-fascist forces.

On May 17, the Munich radio broadcast an AMG directive forbidding the formation of any political parties, organizations or "anti-Nazi action groups." Such organizations are "not allowed to establish offices or hold meetings of any kind." Also prohibited is the distribution or posting of "handbills, books, leaflets or any other printed matter," and, according to the directive, "such activity must cease forthwith. . . . The recognition of any of these groups or organizations in the near future is not contemplated."

More than a month later, on June 25, Colonel Keegan proved by direct action how strongly he believes Germans have no rights at all—not even the right to be anti-fascist. He ordered the AMG to stamp out political activities of the Anti-Fascist Party in Dachau, site of the notorious concentration camp. The party had been organized on May 9 with the approval of Captain Malcolm Vandig, the military governor of the city. It claimed 4,000 members, had collected $2,700 for welfare activities and adopted a platform demanding "the right of the anti-fascist working class to hold meetings, to freedom of speech, press and religion and the formation of anti-fascist committees in all towns and communities." The Germans, Colonel Keegan repeated on this occasion, "have no right to demand anything." Captain Vandig, on the other hand, declared—for the record—that the party had been useful in "stamping out Nazism."

Again, if the Dachau and Munich incidents—in Munich four anti-Nazi organizations were reported to be operating at the time of the city's liberation—were isolated instances, they might be disregarded. But they are not. On May 27, an Associated Press dispatch reported the dissolution in the Rhineland of two anti-Nazi organizations, in what is described as "a *precedent-making* interpretation of the Supreme Headquarters ban on German political activity." (Italics mine.—H. E.) One of the groups dissolved was the Anti-Fascist Combat Organization—commonly known as Antifako—which had been founded in Düsseldorf in 1943 to spread sentiment against Hitler in the German army and among civilians. The other was the Anti-Fascist Committee of Hoffnungsthal, founded in mid-April within a week of the arrival of American troops. It had compiled lists of Nazis, collected food and clothing for near-by camps of Russian and Dutch slave workers and had taken over other government functions.

So the Germans have not the right to be anti-fascist. While the AMG's slowness in removing Nazis from office and its simultaneous abortion of all genuinely democratic initiative is inexcusable, even worse is the sub-rosa encouragement of the very forces which had been midwives at Nazism's birth. These reactionaries, motivated by fear of a German democratic revolution, prove to be willing tools of our own illiberal and undemocratic policy. The aid given in Bavaria to the monarchical, clerical and separatist People's Party has already been noted in these pages.[1] The appointment of Friedrich Schaeffer as Prime Minister of Bavaria has been matched in the Rhineland by that of Dr. Hans Fuchs, a former member of the Catholic Center Party. He seems to have been chosen because he is a German who is ready to subscribe to the absurd scheme of de-industrialization. According to a Luxemburg radio broadcast of June 14, Dr. Fuchs told AMG authorities that Germany should be deprived of her heavy industries so as to "forfeit her capability of waging war" and should be only an agricultural country. Dr. Fuchs obviously confuses de-industrialization—if that is possible—with expropriating big industrialists when he says that "the people against whom we should proceed are the big businessmen who made a fortune out of being Nazis." Radicalism, it seems, has many facets.

In trying to justify the appointment of conservative Center Party leaders to high administrative jobs, the AMG explains that the population in the American

[1] See Philipp Loewenfeld, "The Bavarian Scandal," the *New Republic*, June 18, 1945.

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zone of occupation is predominantly Catholic, and that the Center Party leaders are therefore the logical choices. But this is only a half-truth. Prior to Hitler, the leftist labor parties also had a strong following in this area. And to judge from a demonstration in the streets of Cologne at the end of May, these parties have again become active. On this occasion 5,000 Communists and Socialists protested against the appointment, not—as reported in the daily press—of Nazis to public office, but of Catholic Centrists. It seems that Dr. Konrad Adenauer, who had been mayor of Cologne before Hitler and had been reinstated by the AMG, had filled the city's key positions with Centrists and had purposely excluded members of the leftist parties. The demonstration had the desired effect: Dr. Adenauer was transferred to the mayoralty of nearby Coblenz.

The Western Allies, then, have a well defined, if unworkable, policy in their zone of occupation. The result of this reactionary policy is now bearing fruit in the form of underground anti-fascist, but also anti-American, activity on the part of anti-Nazi Germans. Contrary to the widespread myth of the political helplessness of German democrats, they show a surprising degree of political consciousness and will to action. On June 6, in a dispatch to the New York *Times*, Gladwin Hill hinted that the six principal pre-Hitler parties—Social Democrats, Communists, Catholic Center, Democrats, People's Party and National Party—are stirring to the point where their activities "have assumed considerable proportions," although he left the question of illegality unanswered. But on June 26, John M. Mecklin, reporting from Twelfth Army Headquarters in Wiesbaden to the Chicago *Sun*, revealed that "one of the most disconcerting initial results of the British and United States occupation policy is the growing evidence that it is not only the Nazis who have been forced to go underground in Germany. Just as important is the Allied repression of leaders of the liberal anti-fascist elements that would form the nucleus of a new democratic Germany. Authorities at this headquarters are beginning to believe that illegal activities of last-ditch Nazis will be less of a problem than those of German citizens who want to get started with the political reconstruction of their country."

This rise of anti-American sentiment is corroborated by a poll taken by the Psychological Warfare Branch of the Twelfth Army Group in the Heidelberg-Frankfurt-Marburg-Erfurt-Kassel area. The poll indicated a stiffening attitude toward the Americans with a corresponding softening of feeling toward Russia on the part of the civilian population. The Germans, a summary of the survey reads, "complained that the Americans did not distinguish properly between Nazis and anti-Nazis, that too many Nazis had been installed in public office, of food shortages, of the refusal of the Americans to promise any kind of aid to the devastated Reich, and categorically of the collective-guilt theory."

These findings are the more revealing because the investigators did not discover a single German who wanted to move into the Russian zone of occupation. Nevertheless, the only possible basis for judging our policy is to compare it with that of the Russians. From the little that is known of Soviet policy in eastern Ger-

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We are beginning to recognize that the individual who ruthlessly strives for power, prestige and property and utilizes our legally sanctioned patterns of competitive rivalry for these strivings is usually an unconscious victim of his own personality make-up and "forgotten childhood." Thus, he is driven to sacrifice not only others but himself for achievement of his ambitions, as he attempts to "show them" or "get even," or releases his otherwise intolerable feelings in his interpersonal relations or various psychosomatic disorders. . . .

So long as individuals are so driven, coerced or self-defeated by their own personality, they have no freedom, however freely they may appear to be living, conducting their business or carrying on their professional activities. Nor can such unhappy, internally conflicted individuals participate in creating and maintaining a social order dedicated to human needs and values, because of their distorted personalities. We are just beginning to recognize that an even more crucial task than winning the Four Freedoms is to achieve freedom for the personality, without which all other freedoms are of little avail.

When Dr. Friedrich Hayek bids us submit to the "impersonal forces of competition," he is telling us to submit to the irrational and often neurotically distorted individuals whose aggregate economic behavior makes up what he calls "the forces of competition." While he offers competition as a bulwark against "the arbitrary power of man," his doctrine delivers us into the irresponsible powers of the men who, at whatever cost to social order and human values, must dominate and exploit social life for their own personality needs. Dr. Hayek assures us that if ambitious men are encouraged to struggle ruthlessly against each other with no interference by legislation, we may escape the slavery he sees coming from our attempts to develop some economic planning.

But this remedy which Dr. Hayek offers is of little avail, for, as he himself points out, not only the misguided economic planners but the businessmen themselves, through devious methods of controlling production and prices, dividing markets and otherwise preventing competition, as in cartels, are also interfering with the "forces of competition" which offer our only hope for escaping serfdom. It would appear that we are indeed lost. —*Lawrence K. Frank in the* Saturday Review of Literature.

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many, it is the exact opposite of our own, both theoretically and practically. On June 10 Marshal Gregory K. Zhukov, commander of the Russian occupation forces, declared that "from the moment of the occupation established on the territory of the Soviet occupation zone in Germany, organs for self-administration [by Germans] were set up and the conditions for free social and political activities of the German population created." On the other hand, the most concrete statement, given by General Lucius Clay, General Eisenhower's representative on the Allied Control Council, has been: "We came here first to make Germany a harmless country, and then to make it as efficient a democracy as possible."

The Russians, in contrast to ourselves, are not losing a single chance of making friends in Germany. And their job—after years of anti-Bolshevik propaganda—is admittedly tougher. They have definitely declined to work on the basis of the absurd theory of the collective guilt of the German people. A Moscow radio broadcast of May 10 invited the Germans "to restore their good name and obtain equal rights with other European powers." According to a United Press dispatch from Berlin by Henry Shapiro, dated June 13, Russian policy has won over "a considerable part of the population. The Russian propaganda includes street posters, newspaper announcements and radio broadcasts stressing the Yalta Declaration that the Allies do not mean to exterminate the German people." This policy, as Mecklin commented on June 21, "is a direct opposite of the harsh lectures on German war guilt featured in Anglo-American broadcasts to the Germans, in our German-language newspapers and everywhere else since V-E Day."

While we tell the Germans that they must find their own food, the Red Army is distributing large supplies. While, according to a Fifteenth Army Headquarters statement, German industry in the western zones is "tightly restricted" for the time being, the Russians are restoring industrial life as quickly as possible. While the Russians are encouraging trade-union activity, we are giving only reluctant support, and our policy of not allowing mass meetings makes real unionization a farce.

Above all, while Nazis are ruthlessly liquidated from the political scene, this policy, unlike that in Anglo-American-occupied Germany, is forcefully and logically implemented by the regeneration of democratic, anti-fascist parties. The first party to apply for permission to reorganize was, as might have been expected, the Communist Party of Germany. Its program, announced from Moscow on June 25, may be assumed to reflect Soviet policy. It rejects the Soviet system as inapplicable to existing conditions in Germany, suggests the establishment of a democratic, parliamentary republic, and calls for "the development of free trade and private enterprise on the basis of private ownership" as a task in "the struggle against hunger, joblessness and homelessness." It demands the complete liquidation of Nazism and the punishment by German courts of those Nazis not scheduled for United Nations trial. It advocates the legalization of free trade unions and of all democratic parties as well as the restoration of civil liberties.

Finally, the Russians are not following the non-fraternization policy to which the Western armies are committed. As early as May 11, Richard C. Hottelet of the Columbia Broadcasting System, after having spent three and a half days behind the Russian lines, reported that he had seen "more than a few pretty German girls standing on the sidewalk talking and laughing with young Russian officers." In western Germany, on the other hand, the policy of non-fraternization has completely failed. Violations are mentioned almost daily in the press, but most of them are not officially reported. While sober Field Marshal Montgomery seems to believe that the German girls are carrying out an organized striptease to wear down Allied will to maintain non-fraternization, some military-government officers closer to the scene, as Drew Middleton reported in the New York *Times* of June 24, believe that the non-fraternization order "makes it difficult to assess public opinion in Germany or to guide German political thought away from totalitarian and militarist ideologies. These officers also advocate relaxation of the rule against the formation of political parties in the occupied zones for the same reason."

Russia's positive policy in her zone of occupation will undoubtedly have an increasing appeal in western Germany. If we do not change our policy quickly and basically, Germany will sooner or later gravitate into the orbit of Russian power. It is now generally recognized that the Western Allies will have to face an acute food shortage this fall and winter. Until now nothing has been done to avert the coming crisis, which in turn may have serious political consequences. This possibility was explicitly admitted by General Eisenhower when he said on his return to the United States that Germany is confronted with the problem of "real starvation." But he also implied our own responsibility when he asked: "What are we going to do to prevent having a Buchenwald of our own, not in this case from intent, but because we wouldn't be able to help it?"

The General's question was a sincere one. Just as the non-fraternization order did not originate at Supreme Allied Headquarters but was, according to a reliable source, handed to headquarters by policy makers on a higher level, so our whole policy in Germany is in the hands of a small, anonymous clique whose ignorance of real conditions may lose what Allied soldiers won: the chance to bring Germany back into the fold of democratic nations—the only guarantee for a lasting peace.

HEINZ EULAU

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Britain's Offer to India

THANKS TO LORD WAVELL, the deadlock in India has been broken in the only possible way. The British government has taken the initiative with an offer that may pave the way to full self-government. Whatever comes of it, one immense gain can be registered already. The leaders of Congress are free: the ban on its activities is lifted—the years of coercion have come to an end. We may also look forward to the resumption of self-government at an early date in the provinces which the bureaucracy has administered since 1939. These are tardy concessions, but they may even now begin to lighten the oppressive atmosphere, heavy with a sense of frustration. Though the publication of the offer was delayed, it originated under the National Coalition and binds all parties, whatever the result of the British election may be. The pledge made by the Cripps Mission has been repeated: that Indians shall enjoy independence within the British Commonwealth or outside it, at their free choice. What is offered today is not yet complete self-government. It is a transitional arrangement, which should enable Indian leaders and parties to prepare for the decisive act of self-determination.

Much has changed since Sir Stafford Cripps flew to Delhi three years ago. Then we all expected an early invasion of India by the Japanese. What Nehru and the younger generation wanted was a national government capable of rallying the masses for the defense of a land they could call their own. Through faults on both sides, that opportunity was thrown away. Today the danger of invasion has passed and India's contribution to the defeat of Japan will come not from a rallying of her millions, but from her industries and her professional army. The chief duty of the new government that may emerge from this offer will not be the conduct of the war—it will be to negotiate a settlement of the communal difficulty, draft a constitution and fix the procedure by which it shall be adopted. The Viceroy's Council, with two exceptions—the Viceroy himself and the soldier who sits as Member for Defense—will be composed of Indians. No objections are likely to be raised on this score. The Indian members will no longer be merely distinguished individuals chosen by the Viceroy. He will select them from a panel presented to him by a conference of party leaders and premiers of provinces. This means that a Council of Indians will face the British Viceroy with the assurance that they speak for the organized millions of their countrymen. This is as near as India can get to popular self-government, until a Legislative Assembly can be elected by a procedure still to be determined.

The awkward fact remains that over this council of Indians a British Viceroy will preside, armed by law with a veto. How much does that matter? Very little, if the Indians act as a united team. It would be morally impossible for the Viceroy to use it, if all the Indian members, Moslems and Hindus together, threatened their collective resignation. Everything turns on the ability of the leaders of this nation to act for the first time in history as a solid bloc. Can they, under these conditions, be welded into an effective team? That would be easier if one of them were to act as Premier and preside over the Council as the Viceroy's delegate. But Indians would be ill advised to stress this matter of the veto. It will not be used save in a grave emergency, and only then if the Council should have lost its unity and cohesion. If Hindus and Moslems have found the will to act together, they have, in this offer, an opportunity they can use to win their full freedom within a brief interval of years. The veto is at the worst a temporary impediment, which will vanish when the period of transition ends.

The real ground for anxiety is not the veto but the basis for Hindu-Moslem coöperation laid down in the offer. It is proposed that equal numbers of these two communities shall sit as members of the Council, while some places shall be reserved for representatives of the "minorities," which include the so-called "Scheduled Castes" (*i. e.*, the "Untouchables") and the Sikhs. The ratio is to be, in percentages: Caste Hindus, 40; Moslems, 40; and Minorities, 20. This is as yet only an interim arrangement, which applies to the Viceroy's Council and goes no further. But once adopted, it would certainly form a precedent to which the Moslems would cling. Logically, parity between the two chief creeds in the government of a federated India would imply parity in their voting strengths in its legislative bodies. In making this claim Moslems often go on to demand parity in the army and in the federal Civil Service as well. For them this formula of parity is the alternative to separation—the splitting of India into two independent states, Pakistan and Hindustan. They find it intolerable that the Hindu majority should outvote them: seen from this angle the alternatives are what Mr. Gandhi has called the "vivisection of India," or else equality in political power. Both alternatives are repugnant to the Hindus. They dislike the idea of Pakistan, but parity is a heavy price to pay for territorial unity. It means that one Moslem vote will weigh almost as heavily as three Hindu votes.

There are Hindus whose nationalism is so strong that they will pay even this price to achieve unity. They understand that until Moslems and Hindus march in step there is no hope of ending foreign rule. The two leading parties in the Legislative Assembly

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—Congress and the Moslem League—have for some time past formed a united Opposition, which has inflicted a long series of defeats on the central government. Out of this coöperation, as yet only negative, grew an agreement between the two leaders, Bhulabhai Desai and Liagat Ali, that they might undertake together to form an interim National Government, on the understanding that portfolios should be equally divided between their two parties. It is believed that Mr. Desai, a Hindu lawyer from Bombay, made this suggestion to Lord Wavell with Mr. Gandhi's consent. It should be noted that parity on the Viceroy's Council between Congress and the Moslem League for a limited time and a specific purpose does not necessarily mean parity between Hindus and Moslems for all time and all along the line.

Congress is a nationalist and not a sectarian party, and though a large majority of its membership are Caste Hindus, its chairman is a Moslem and it has Moslem, Sikh and even Christian members; above all, it claims, with good reason, to be the champion of the Untouchables. It has struggled consistently against the organization of political life on the basis of creed. But it is precisely this acceptance of religious divisions which the Wavell offer assumes and would tend to stereotype. Here, then, on ideological grounds, is the first difficulty: the national idea is superseded by the sectarian idea. The second difficulty is cruder and more obvious. Men who are Indians first and Hindus afterwards may agree to buy national unity at this price. But there are orthodox and conservative Hindus who put religion first. Their spokesman is the Mahasabha, and it is already up in arms against the suggestion of parity. It will not accept an artificial minority status for the Hindu majority, which forms nearly three-fourths of the population and is in education and industrial enterprise the more advanced of the two communities.

Lord Wavell's offer would have had a smoother passage if it had not, by its plain speaking, raised this issue of parity. It has to be faced none the less: until the communal issue is settled, there can be no agreed constitution. Mr. Jinnah's sectarian agitation has so far succeeded, that if Moslems do not get parity, they will insist on Pakistan—a bad solution, since it would leave some 30 million Moslems still within the Hindu area. The capital mistake was made a generation ago, when Lord Morley separated the electors of the two creeds in distinct constituencies, which vote apart. Democracy, with the Western technique of majority rule, is workable only in a homogeneous society. Congress has struggled valiantly to create such a society on the basis of the national idea. It has failed, partly by reason of its own mistakes, but chiefly because the British governing class had its subtle tradition of dividing to rule. To a modern mind the real dividing lines in India are not religious but economic: peasants, workers and debtors face landlords, industrialists and usurers. Religion serves to postpone these class issues. There is as yet no party and no leader strong enough to obliterate the past and make a fresh start.

If agreement can be reached eventually on the footing of parity, the consequence will be that Indian political life will be focused rather in the provinces than at the federal center. In most of them democracy can be worked on a majority footing without excessive tension. The tendency will then be to limit the scope of federal government to such matters as foreign policy, defense and communications. This would have served well enough in the last century. Today the prime need of India is an economic plan for the full utilization of her resources and the raising of her standard of life. To carry it out she must have a federal government which wields wide powers in the economic field and has its roots in the trust and consent of the people; for it will have to grapple both with obstructive interests and with venerable customs. I doubt whether a bargain over parity between parties and creeds is likely to yield such a government. These, however, are issues that lie far ahead. On the threshold, the first stumbling block that must somehow be surmounted is the justifiable refusal of Congress to be classed as a Hindu organization. Every dispute at this stage lessens the chance of creating a harmonious Council. When that comes into being, the freedom of India is won.

London H. N. BRAILSFORD

No Return

THE LETTER was dated September 2 and all it said was: "Dear Karl, just a word to say B—— and I have sold almost all our stuff, and will pile the kids in the car and start for Mexico on September 7. We'll drop you a line from somewhere down there. Meanwhile, our very best. L——."

I haven't gotten over the feeling it gave me yet. It said so much. It brought into sharp focus all of our life in the thirties at our Eastern university, and the world of the twenties we had all come to know through Cummings and Dos Passos and Fitzgerald and Hemingway, and the world of the last few years in Washington and London and Moscow and on the fighting fronts. And tragically, I fear, it brings into focus our future.

But let's begin at the beginning. Finally L—— had acted. It was not panicky escape with him. He was not going out to drown his sorrows in some Montmartre of the forties. He was quietly, thoughtfully leaving his position in the university because it had become unbearable. He was going where he could continue his reading and thinking and writing in his own way. He was leaving the university because men who "thought too much," as they put it, were not wanted.

But I said let's begin at the beginning. And the beginning really dates back to the fall of 1937 as far as

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I'm concerned. L—— was in his middle thirties, and that fall nearly twenty young men and women in their early twenties began to listen to him. We had come from all over; we had brought with us as many attitudes as we were in number. Arthur had come from Michigan with his sharp analytical mind, his shyness, his sensitivity and his somewhat literary humanism. Ben had come from Amherst with the imprint on him of four years of Eliot's "new" humanism. Red had come off the Kansas plains with his mixture of Shelleyan idealism and collegiate rebellion and the music of the twenties. Ed had come from dear old Charleston with his earnestness and his basic gentlemanliness. I had come from Minnesota with my Farmer-Labor liberalism and ex-debating-society logic, my fear of the unknown and my desire to make good.

And then we met L——. He had gone through the twenties, playing football, pounding piano in a jazz band, being the small-town Nebraska hero. I suppose his first years at the university during the early thirties were mostly literary and romantic and individualistic—but he had lived among the ordinary people of the West long enough to react to the outburst of the Popular Front, the new social novels, to Auden and Spender and Lewis, to the new psychologies and social theories. By the time we met him, he had Dewey and the Positivists, Marx and Engels, Freud, the Gestalt psychology, Boaz, Burke, Cowley, Strachey and Wilson pretty thoroughly digested—and he let us in on it. And because most of us had already come to see how poorly our attitudes measured up to the world we were coming to know, we were ready for him.

We all needed something—and that need came first. We were supposedly teaching English literature and studying for our doctorates. But Dr. M——'s attitude that "scholarship is a game" and that if we could print three or four articles a year in the scholarly magazines, some day we would have a "chair" and be set for life, surely didn't fit our feeling. Neither could we swallow the "cul-chaw" of the boys from Harvard. L—— sounded reasonable—looked at from his point of view, teaching was social. In a world where some were already dying, where others were starving, where few knew security, surely teaching involved more than "playing a game" or doling out "culture" to the few fortunate sons and daughters of America's sprawling upper-middle class.

Surely, it was more than that. And with L——'s guidance, we set out, full of hope, to find out just exactly what teaching and learning could and should be. We set out like adventurers searching for a new world. I shall never forget the excitement, the elation with which we met to hear reports, to argue, to discuss. We fondled our newly found ideas gently and tenderly and with not a little fear lest in our eagerness we destroy the vague world of new emotions which seemed about to be ours. The first elation soon came to an end; ahead of us then was the prospect of steady growth and development. The job was less exciting; but not less satisfying.

But there were difficulties. L—— had shown us that poems and novels and essays and plays were not *things*, but *actions;* authors wrote, readers read. Literature was behavior and should be studied as such. More than that, literature was *action toward some kind of end;* literature possessed and possesses *usefulness* at a certain time in a certain situation. But that wasn't all. We began to think, "If this is true of literature, what about the English I course we are teaching? Isn't that action, too? And toward some end? Toward what end? Are we useful, socially?" we asked ourselves. We made the decision—the next year, because at that time the department was "democratic"; we threw grammar out the window, and began to teach Hayakawa's *Language in Action*, propaganda analysis and modern American and British literature as attitudes toward our Western civilization between the wars.

But that was just the beginning of our troubles. For on paper, at least, we were supposedly preparing ourselves for the doctorate exams in English literature as "the doctors" conceived of English literature. And before long this conflict became a real one. Should we take Dr. M——'s course in the eighteenth-century history of ideas or should we take L——'s course in modern criticism? Should we engross ourselves in Veblen's *Theory of the Leisure Class* in the evening or should we read Ruskin on Italian painting? For most of us the answer was simple—and the answer we gave didn't do us, or L—— for that matter, any good with the university officials. Feeling was first; we simply couldn't read Ruskin or listen to Dr. M——, and we couldn't stay away from Veblen and L——. And all the time we thought and hoped that the professors would see the light, that because they had some intelligence, they would come around and our graduate school would blossom forth as the center of new thought, and we'd get Newton Arvin on the staff and maybe later even Cowley and Burke and some of the rest of our heroes. We thought they would see the simple reasonableness of our wanting to be useful, of our wanting to branch out.

What we had forgotten was that in their decades of teaching, the university professors had formed certain habits of living and thinking, and for them, at least, those habits paid off in dividends, financial as well as emotional. At first, I suppose, they were happy to see so many wide-awake, intelligent men and women under them. Only when they discovered just which way our activity was leading and what effects our discoveries would have upon their way of teaching and thinking, did they begin to clamp down. What had been a "democratic" department became the scene,

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not of open and above-board rule from the top, but rather of more subtle shiftings of personnel, of packed committees. Slowly we all either dropped out, or were dropped, or changed our ways.

Suffice it to say that when the peoples of the democratic capitalistic nations were fighting and dying that they might destroy their stepchild, fascism, when these same people had before them the task of reconstructing their political and economic institutions on a worldwide scale, our English I department was teaching the young where to put commas and how to write a "nice" sentence. Their fear of the future was greater than their distrust of the past, and so, like their kind in Germany in the early thirties, they continued to hang on to the old.

And L—— was one of those who had to hang on with them; there was his wife and the two children to feed. He was forced to work along with the professors even though he never subscribed to their actions. As a matter of fact, they more or less began an undeclared war against him. During those four or five years of "our" prosperity, L——'s classes in modern criticism and modern literature had grown in numbers and interest and theirs were dying a natural death. Then came the pressure. Some courses were required, "their" courses, and when schedules were made out, L——'s courses just didn't fit in or they fell on the most unpopular hours. And within two years, L—— was back teaching Freshman English—and that had become the "age-old" rhetoric!

But I weep no more, for I know how it feels to burst forth free. I remember how I felt talking to Dr. E—— a few days after I had failed my doctor's orals. He said, kindly and well meaningly, "We were terribly disappointed in you, Karl. You simply haven't read enough in the original sources. Perhaps you had better spend another year reading and then try again."

I knew and he knew that by sources he meant the eighteenth-century dramatists, the nineteenth-century novelists and critics, and I happened to see a many-volume set of Ruskin just behind him, so I said, "I couldn't read them now. I couldn't read Ruskin. I don't know if I'll ever be able to. There's so much that is so much more important. If the time ever comes when I can, I'll come back. But I can't now."

I went out of Dr. E——'s study that day free to continue my reading and thinking and I know how L—— must be feeling, this much later. But I'm wondering, and I know L—— is too, just how much meaning our rebellion in the thirties against the old entrenched order at the university will have now, in the forties. And we're wondering as we remember North Africa and Greece, and as we read about Argentina and Spain and about the struggle against the FEPC here at home, if the same thing is happening still on a bigger scale in a more tragic way.

KARL KORSTAD

Negroes in Greater New York

NEGROES are finding incomparably greater opportunities for equality in New York City than in the South, or in the armed services. Of course they vote here, and they serve on juries and use all public transportation without discrimination. In their struggle for equality in housing, education, jobs, recreation and religious worship there are some real instances of integration in the Greater New York area.

Although whites have moved away from most areas where Negroes have come to live, there are some blocks and apartment houses where the two races live together without friction. New York's city housing projects, with the exception of the Harlem River Houses, which are all-Negro because of their locality, are all unsegregated, running successfully on a mixed racial pattern. The South Jamaica Project is the outstanding example of integration in housing. For four and a half years this project has housed 448 families, about 70 percent Negroes and 30 percent whites, with $3,000 the highest annual income of eligible tenants. This project has a friendly small-town atmosphere. Not only do children of both races play together, but the grown-ups chat and carry one another's bundles from the bus that connects the project with the subway. Tenants leave their door-keys with one another, and in the case of a mother's illness, the neighbors, regardless of race, look after the children and invite the husband to their tables. Tenants also work together in victory gardens and keep the project's lawns and hedges in good condition. There are mixed tenants' clubs, women's clubs, men's body-building clubs, with meeting space provided in the project. A nursery school has 40 children of both races under professional teachers and volunteer aides, both Negro and white. Older children have recreation rooms for club meetings.

The project has a long waiting list for apartments for which the highest price a week is $5.70 for five and a half rooms and the lowest $4.65 for two and a half rooms. Although some Southern white families are always there, only one of them has withdrawn its application because of the presence of Negroes. On the other hand, a white Georgia family became so attached to the place that the husband, when his job was changed, would not transfer to a project occupied almost entirely by white people and much nearer his

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work. A young white Texan visited his sister in the project under protest at having to live with "damn niggers," but after a few days' stay told the Negro manager he was amazed at the type of colored families there. Undoubtedly much of the good racial feeling in the project may be attributed to this well qualified manager, Mr. Naudin J. Oswell, a former teacher and social worker. He says that the only times in which race consciousness makes for friction are during Red Cross drives when, because of segregation in the blood banks, the Negroes tell white solicitors they won't coöperate as in other patriotic drives.

In education, non-segregation has succeeded in much wider areas than in housing. All public and a few private schools are unsegregated, although, as in housing, some become wholly of one race according to their neighborhoods. Teaching staffs in public schools are interracial, with no restriction of Negro teachers to colored areas. There is now one Negro principal and one assistant principal. PS 121 in East Harlem is an outstanding example of racial coöperation. In its kindergarten and six grades it has about 50 percent Negroes and 50 percent whites, including Puerto Ricans, Italians, Germans, Greeks and Hindus—more than 800 children in all.

The Benjamin Franklin High School for Boys is also very successful with a student body that comprises about 20-percent Negroes and 80-percent whites of various nationalities. Before coming to school there, Negro boys had organized gangs for defense against white boys. When school discipline made this defense unnecessary, the Negro boys at first used their gangs on the offensive. This tendency was broken up through mixed athletic teams, debating societies, etc.

Higher education in New York has long been successfully unsegregated. More and more Negroes are being graduated from City College, Hunter, Brooklyn and Queens Colleges, all of which are city-owned, free institutions; and from Columbia and New York Universities, Pratt Institute, Cooper Union, the New School for Social Research and the New York School of Social Work. At the last-named school, at New York University and at all the city-owned colleges, there are Negroes on the faculty.

The job situation is uneven. Even in defense factories and in spite of the Fair Employment Practice Committee, there is still a tendency to make Negroes the last to be hired and the first to be fired. But great progress has been made through the firm stand for *equal* chance of employment by such powerful unions as the National Maritime Union, with half a million members, which has its headquarters and Upgrading School in New York, and a Negro as its national secretary. In one of New York's greatest industries, the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Union give a fair chance to Negroes. One district counsel of the Brotherhood of Painters, Decorators and Paper-Hangers of America employs a permanent Negro organizer. Other unions with many Negro members are the United Office and Professional Workers, the Social Service Employees, and the Sand Hogs. Both the CIO and the AFL have labor committees to combat racial discrimination and there is also a Negro labor committee representing both unions. As many unions do not tabulate membership according to race, it is hard to get an accurate figure, but in 1942 it was estimated that the ILGWU alone had 7,000 Negro members here. The New York State Committee Against Discrimination is now formally at work, and should prove an important part of the whole picture.

One field newly opened to Negro women is in large department stores as stock girls, elevator operators and bookkeepers. In one large store on Sixth Avenue and another on Lexington Avenue there are some Negro saleswomen. The president of one of the largest department stores, a man prominent in civic and national affairs, says that in making his the first store on Fifth Avenue to employ Negro saleswomen he is not merely relieving war shortage of personnel, but is starting a permanent policy as part of his firm's social responsibility. In taking this step he made it clear that he was not engaging lower-paid employees—both whites and Negroes receive the same pay and maintain the same standards of work. He has succeeded against odds that might have discouraged a less fair-minded man. Two Negro stock boys stole five mink coats, getting as far as Baltimore before they were arrested. "Oh, well," said the president, "we've had thefts before by white boys."

When the first Negro saleswoman was put at a prominent counter on the main floor, one of the white salesgirls fainted dead away at sight of the newcomer. "We revived her," says the president nonchalantly, "explained matters to her, and she has gone along well with the newcomer for two years now. The Negro is a well qualified saleswoman. Many customers, including Southern white women, have written letters to commend her. In our quarterly tests she is the highest grade, Satisfactory Plus. Her neighboring saleswomen are now exceedingly friendly with her both during and after work hours. At times we have five percent of our personnel colored. They all eat lunch in our store cafeteria without segregation."

New opportunities for white-collar employment have recently been given to Negroes by the New York Telephone Company, the Chase National Bank and the International Business Machines Company, with full use of all office facilities and equal chance of promotion.

New York City itself is a great employer of Negroes, giving equal opportunity through the fair application of civil-service requirements. It is estimated that there

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are some 5,000 Negroes here in civil-service positions, earning more than $6 million annually. Federal and state payrolls include another 5,000 Negro employees in the city. War agencies are not included in this estimate. City employees range from street-cleaners to expert accountants in the Controller's office and many positions in the Department of Welfare. The city-owned subways employ large numbers of Negroes as trackwalkers, guards, motormen, bookkeepers, skilled mechanics and electricians. There are two Negro judges in the Domestic Relations Court, one in Special Sessions and three in the Municipal Court, of whom one has a salary of $17,500 a year. The city hospitals now have a few Negro doctors on their staffs and some Negro girls in nursing training.

As for recreation, theatres and moving-picture houses are equally available to Negroes and whites. Although many higher priced eating places observe only grudgingly the state law that food must be sold to all in every public place, practically all the cheaper restaurants and lunch counters serve Negroes willingly. Two large chain restaurants now draw no color line, one because it was successfully sued for discrimination, the other because a member of the owner's family won the management over to views of racial equality. Many of the large midtown hotels discriminate as to rooms but not restaurant service.

Recreation at city-owned beaches such as Rockaway and Jones Beach is as available to Negroes as to whites. Although in some Midwestern cities bathing has been a source of friction, even of rioting, there has been no trouble over beaches and bathhouses here. It is the opportunity for recreation in New York that first impresses Southern Negroes and Negro servicemen. "In New York City," a Negro army officer said to me, "you wouldn't know what color you were unless you looked in the glass."

In religious worship some Negroes as well as some whites prefer segregated churches. In actual practice most churches are segregated, with the following exceptions: at the Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine many Negroes from nearby Harlem regularly worship. The Riverside Baptist Church and St. George's, while mostly famous in the public mind for patrons like the Rockefellers and the Morgans, are also noted for their interracial choirs. The Broadway Tabernacle (Congregational), St. George's and a few other churches welcome Negro members and have mixed Sunday schools. For the past two years the Interracial Fellowship, under the leadership of Dr. Ralph H. Rowse, has been holding afternoon services in churches of various denominations and races with a social hour afterwards. A typical meeting was in Mount Olivet Baptist Church in Harlem, with an address by a rabbi. The Greater New York Federation of Churches has many bi-racial committees and has had a Negro as head of its Christian Youth Council for four years. Dr. Robert W. Searle, the general head of this Federation, says that such committees successfully work together without race-consciousness or self-consciousness.

In the darkly tangled forest of race prejudice, New York City shows these few blazed trails leading toward integration of America's greatest minority race.

RUTH DANENHOWER WILSON

The Koala Bear

Scared? Listen, the only time I wasn't scared in the Pacific was when I was stewed. And it was plenty hard to get stewed on Aussie liquor. I got stewed all right. I raised plenty of hell. But I never did get in trouble, not until just at the end.

Sure I shot my mouth off. I made sergeant when I went to my captain and said I'd never fly another mission as a corporal. Then there was a major, a real mean one. One day he said to me, "Corporal, do you think I'm chicken?" "Yes, sir, I do," I said. He couldn't do nothing. They needed us too bad.

I never did get in trouble until I was on my way home. And then it was over a little son of a gun of a Koala Bear!

Listen, I was never supposed to be a waist gunner in a B-17 to start off with. I was an armorer at Clark Field when the Nips hit Pearl Harbor. I was asleep in the tail of my plane when someone run in and yelled "Nips!" I started for the door and a blast blew me clean out of the hangar. When the fires were out and we were heading for Port Moresby, the colonel told me and Tracy, "You're waist gunners."

Waist gunners! What a laugh that was! They talk about mils and rads and deflection and aircraft recognition now—hell, we blazed away at anything that turned in toward us, from P-40's on down. It didn't make no difference anyway. I must have fired 20,000 rounds and I never hit a plane. That's the way it was all the way through the old 19th Bombardment Group. We saved Australia!

Look; one night we went on a raid over Bougainville. The captain was flying. Me and Tracy were in the waist with some green kid in the tail. We had an Aussie fighter pilot for navigator, and a yardbird second lieutenant—a mess officer—for bombardier.

It was black and freezing cold. Twenty minutes from the bomb run we could see tracers coming up like firecrackers in the night around us. The Nips found our range and we started to shake and bounce as they hit us. It was bad.

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When we got close to the target and the flak was really thick, the yardbird took over the plane. He started fidgeting with the bombsight. We flew right up to the target and he pulled a couple of levers and yelled "Bombs away!" Only the plane didn't leap upwards like it should and there weren't any bomb-bursts. We looked through to the bay—the bombs were still sitting there!

The captain called for everyone to take it easy. We went on out, and circled and came back. They nailed us in a searchlight and followed us all the way in. The flak was worse than ever.

The yardbird worked away at the bombardier's panel like a crazy man. When we crossed the target he pulled a lot more levers and yelled again "Bombs away!" The bombs just sat in the bomb bay.

Tracy looked at me. He picked up a gun barrel and went up front. He stood over the yardbird, crouching in the bombardier's seat.

"You son of a gun," Tracy said, "if you yell 'Bombs away!' once more and those bombs still sit there, so help me I'll crack you over the head with this gun!"

"You wouldn't do that," the yardbird says.

"You see if I won't," shouted Tracy. He stood there. We went on out again, and circled, and headed back in. The yardbird was throwing every switch in the nose from the electric heating pad to the anti-icing wipers. He followed the target in and hit the last switch. He yelled out "Bombs away!"

The bombs sat in the bay. The yardbird ducked as Tracy swung, and the gun barrel caught him clean on the side of the head. Then Tracy sat down and salvoed the bombs in the sea. We started home, but the Aussie spent so much time patching up the yardbird and telling him to put in for the Purple Heart that he lost us. We landed with thirty gallons of gas left.

It was the same way on the ground. We lived in tents. It was hot as hellfire back in the bush. We had malaria and dysentery. The flies were terrible! Once a week we'd fly up to the sub-depot at Charleyville for supplies. You could tell when a crew had been to Charleyville. They'd go on slapping at their faces and necks for days after. It was rugged then!

We lived on spam—spam and a slice of bread. When the spam ran low, we'd eat twice a day. We'd get real hungry. When we weren't flying there was nothing to do but sit and think how hungry we were.

One time the chaplain fixed up a boxing match for something to do. Only no one would fight. So the chaplain said, "Tomorrow we'll have another match, and anyone who fights will get a good square meal." Man, I was sick of that spam. I climbed into the ring the next day and slugged it out with a huge colored mess boy till we couldn't stand. Then we went down to the mess tent for our good square meal. They gave us two slices of bread and some Spam.

The Aussies loved us. Once in a while we'd get leave and go down to Sydney. The Aussie soldiers were away then, in Africa. We'd go out with their sisters, their girls and their wives. When they got back there wasn't a Yank in Sydney dared walk down the streets alone at night.

I was alone one night when a real good-looking girl passed me. I whistled and she stopped. "Are you free tonight?" I said. "No, but I'll be reasonable," she said. She was kidding. We laughed, and from then on nothing could keep us apart.

That was where this little Koala Bear came in.

She lived in the Hotel Australia—room 318. She kept the bear in her room for company. She used to feed him bunches of shiny leaves. He was real little, and furry, just like a kid's teddy bear, with round ears and a kind of sullen little face. At night, when all the lights were out, she and I would sit together and, after a while, this little bear would uncurl and shuffle around the room, chewing on the leaves. She'd pick him up, and he'd put his arms around her and cling to her, tight.

We had great times together. I knew it would be tough when my last leave was up. She cried for a while that night and we didn't talk at all. As I was leaving, she stopped me and gave me the bear. She wanted me to keep it—for good luck.

I didn't want no bear. I took it because I couldn't stand to hear her cry no more. All the way home that little bear clung to me. I knew the boys would laugh at me. So when I stepped in the hut I said, "Hey, look! Fifteen bucks' worth of fur for my mother's winter coat!"

No kidding; I thought those boys would kill me. Someone slugged me and Tracy grabbed the bear. He wouldn't give it back till I swore not to hurt it. Pretty soon we took the bear up in the plane. He slept. Before long the crew wouldn't go on a raid unless that little cuss came along. He used to curl up in a corner of the radio room where it was warm, and no Jap flak ever woke him.

Our last raid, and the worst one, was Rabaul.

It was always rough there. When they told us, in the briefing, that we were going over the target at 8,000 feet, we knew it would be plenty rough. I was glad we had our old crew on that day.

We came in low over the mountains. We could see the ships in the harbor ahead of us. The flak in the sky around us was as thick as freckles on a boy's face. They had us spotted. They hit us all the way in. We pitched and rolled. We lost an engine. I thought we were gone. We sunk a Jap tanker and we pulled out. Tracy was lying on the floor beside me. When we were clear, the captain started calling over the telephone. I was the only one who answered the call.

I started up front. There was a great tear in the radio room, and the radio operator was bent across his

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table. He was gone. I crawled up into the nose. It was all smashed. The Aussie navigator was killed outright, and the bombardier was hit and choking to death. I slapped some engine grease on his face where it was torn. I ripped off his shirt and stuffed it into a big hole in his chest. But he was breathing through his chest and after a while he started to choke again so I'd pull out the shirt and let him breathe, and then stuff it back to stop the blood.

The tail gunner lost a foot. I gave him two shots of morphine and left him alone. Tracy had caught some flak in the rear. All I could figure to do was to make him lie down and to sit on him. All the way home I went forward and back, sitting on Tracy when I had the chance. I don't know yet how we made it.

It was evening when I thought of that little bear, back in the plane. I went back for him and son of a gun if he wasn't still asleep in his corner. He never was worried at all.

Pretty soon after that things changed. A bunch of B-24's came in to replace the old 19th, and the 5th Air Force was set up. We got our orders to ship home. I was leaving by boat when the colonel saw me. He remembered me from the time he decorated me. He flew me back as part of his crew.

That was a break! I got a great bunch of leaves, and I stuck the bear in the radio room. We took off from Port Moresby for the last time.

Up at Hawaii, the colonel left me to guard the plane while he filed our clearance. It was hot, and I was half asleep when I heard someone climb aboard. It was a little warrant officer, with a waxed mustache. "I'm the customs inspector," he said, "making a routine check." I watched him as he poked around the plane. After a while he found the leaves. "What do you call these?" he said. "Shrubs for my old man," I said, "he's a great gardener."

"They probably contain harmful insects," the warrant officer said, "they'll have to be declared."

He stood there in the radio room, looking at his papers. I wasn't worrying. I never did think much of the bear. He'd slept through 52 missions without ever leaving his corner.

Suddenly there was a scratching noise under the table. I looked down. That little son of a gun was crawling out onto the floor.

He grasped the inspector around the ankle and started climbing up his leg. The inspector yelled and managed to shake him off. I picked him up and he clung to me.

"What in hell is that?" said the inspector.

"An Australian bush dog," I said. "I'm taking him back to my mother."

"Too bad for your mother," he said, "it's staying right here!"

"Supposing I take him with me?" I said. I was getting sore.

"You will violate Clause 8-A, Article 4-B, Part 11-C, of the Foreign Diseases Control Act of 1938 governing the importation into the United States of certain live insects, birds, animals and other vertebrates," he said.

"No kidding?" I said. "Supposing I kill him and just take the skin?" I wanted to see what he'd say.

"Then you will violate Sub-paragraph 9, Paragraph 3, Sub-section 2, Section 5 of the Customs and Revenue Act of 1937 as amended," he said. He reached out and grabbed the bear. He started out with it.

I got up.

"What will I violate if I smack you on the kisser?" I said.

He smiled. He said:

"You will violate Article 64 of the Articles of War."

"It's a deal!" I said. I let him have it.

. . . Boy, what a jail they have at Hawaii! I'd be there yet if the colonel hadn't bailed me out. He found me there. He laughed when I told him what had happened. He told the commanding officer there that he couldn't leave without me, and they let me go. The next day we looked down over good old San Francisco.

The captain was lost later on. They sent Tracy to a base hospital and then back to the States. I never did hear from him. I stopped writing to the girl in Sydney, but she writes to me. She says she loves me, and she wants to know how the bear is.

They kept that little cuss at Hawaii. But, hell—they hadn't any leaves for him. They couldn't feed him right.

I sure do wish I knew what happened to that little bear.

LIEUTENANT MICHAEL STRAIGHT

The Conversation of Prayers

The conversation of prayers about to be said
By the child going to bed and the man on the stairs
Who climbs to his dying love in her high room,
The one not caring to whom in his sleep he will move
And the other full of tears that she will be dead,

Turns in the dark on the sound they know will arise
Into the answering skies from the green ground,
From the man on the stairs and the child by his bed.
The sound about to be said in the two prayers
For the sleep in a safe land and the love who dies

Will be the same grief flying. Whom shall they calm?
Shall the child sleep unharmed or the man be crying?
The conversation of prayers about to be said
Turns on the quick and the dead, and the man on the stairs
Tonight shall find no dying but alive and warm

In the fire of his care his love in the high room.
And the child not caring to whom he climbs his prayer
Shall drown in a grief as deep as his made grave,
And mark the dark-eyed wave, through the eyes of sleep,
Dragging him up the stairs to one who lies dead.

DYLAN THOMAS

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Washington Notes

Capital Housecleaning

FOR FIVE or six weeks now, President Truman will be out of the country. If he and Mr. Byrnes were killed in airplane accidents, Henry Morgenthau would be the new president, that is, unless he had previously retired. In that case it would be Mr. Vinson. Abroad, this will be the first great test of Truman's ability to handle Stalin and Churchill. The erstwhile co-proprietor of a Kansas City men's store will deal, bargain and match wits with the two leading world figures. Well, they swap mules in Missouri, and there is a certain earthy shrewdness, simplicity and directness about Truman that should aid him. Also he has strong cards. Britain can't get on without America. Russia needs us, too. The official communiqué on the meeting probably won't mention Japan, but I hardly think the subject will be forgotten.

Meanwhile Europe is in a bad fix. I mentioned coal last week. Further information emphasizes the point. Truman carries with him a dire document from the combined boards that solemnly declares that if the prospective coal famine in Western Europe and the Mediterranean is not met, a condition of such scarcity will develop by winter that it will be impossible to maintain law and order. Coal is more important than food. There is food, but nothing to sell it for. Only industrial revival can start trade, and that means coal. Momentarily it hinges on exporting coal from Polish Silesia: coal which Russia also wants. That is typical of one kind of issue which the Big Three will discuss.

At home, Mr. Truman has left his house in order. His policies, cabinet composition, viewpoint are outlined. His hand is strengthened by a greater degree of public support than Roosevelt experienced save in the first six months of his first administration. The Senate is going to ratify the San Francisco Charter without many dissenting votes. Truman will take the news of that to Stalin and Churchill; probably of the Bretton Woods ratification, too, though this may be delayed.

Actually, it sounds better than it is. No battle ever ends in Washington, no victory or defeat is final. The question of international coöperation has simply shifted to a new front. Twenty-five years and World War II have proved Wilson right, the Senate wrong, and so we are going to join a world organization. So much, so good. But now the attack on the Charter starts by indirection. Isolationist Senator Bushfield let the cat out of the bag the other day. He will vote for the Charter—yes. But he will try to limit the American delegate's power. Men like Taft—isolationists or nationalists or whatever you call them—will try to limit economic coöperation. They snipe at Bretton Woods now, will urge economic imperialism later. Senate speeches whooping up the Charter will be dreary affairs because they are shadow-boxing. The tactics of defeat by indirection are just starting.

Bushfield is reported to have said that the charter-ratification was just "a formality." This, in a sense, is true. But it is a formality that overcomes the historic two-thirds treaty-ratification hurdle. Once the treaty is passed, once we are in the organization, from that time on the implementing acts need merely a legislative majority. That is the great victory; we are scrapping the historic constitutional obstacle to world coöperation.

Of all Truman's cabinet selections, Mr. Vinson's pleases me most. He is a New Dealer with his feet on the ground. He is a practical liberal who really believes in full employment, a politician who can get on with Congress, a tax specialist with technical equipment for promoting the expanding economy he wants. Truman's selections follow a pattern: he seeks men of party regularity, men who can get on with Congress, and middle-class, middle-roaders. Some of these are conservatives; more, I think, are progressives, and none are leftists. Morgenthau deserves well of America, though his effectiveness was often lessened by shyness, caution and timidity. The Truman cabinet is more humdrum, prosaic; the gay, audacious, erratic New Deal days ended with war. We expect less improvisation, more steadiness; less brilliance, more efficiency. The danger will be lack of Roosevelt's vision and his ability to lift men's hearts. But the new Truman cabinet won't have that faint air of dilettantism that was always so funny at committee hearings, and that used so to bewilder and infuriate Congress.

Up until last week a radio station could exclude a union from buying time on the air, on the ground that under the arbitrary code of the National Association of Broadcasters what it said would be "controversial." It is the same theory by which the newspapers now, say, won't publish an advertisement for *Consumers' Research*. This was fine for the NAB. They could winnow anything off the air they thought might disturb advertisers; abrogate their job of mass education, and let conservative news commentators like Fulton Lewis go on largely unanswered. Meanwhile chambers of commerce generally could buy time on the ground that their skillfully compounded propaganda was entertainment.

Well, all that is ended. A unanimous seven-man decision by the Federal Communications Commission in the precedent-making WHKC case (Columbus, Ohio), written by Commissioner Ray C. Wakefield, upholds the Automobile Workers of America, CIO, in their right to present "controversial" subjects, on paid time. The previous absolute (NAB) ban "is inconsistent with the concept of public interest," says the decision; it is the "duty of each station licensee to be sensitive to the problems of public concern in the community," and it should make time available on a non-discriminatory basis, "without any type of censorship." The controversy isn't over, but this is one of the most important decisions in a long time.

Notes.—Reporters who accompanied President Truman on recent trips keep commenting on the fact that "he has legs"; after 12 years of a wheel-chair president, one who skips around makes problems of coverage. . . . The House proposal to permit veterans to be employed in closed or union shops without joining a labor union would, of course, free unions from moral obligation to observe the no-strike bargain; a definite effort to pit discharged veterans against trade unionists is becoming evident.

Washington T. R. B.

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Science and Technology

Prime Movers of Tomorrow

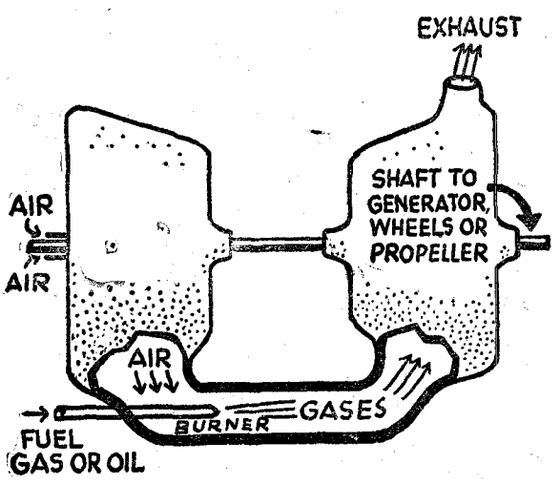
THE PROFOUND social and economic transfigurations which accompanied the invention of the internal-combustion engine may have been only the beginning of a technological revolution which will broaden and deepen with the discovery of still other means of harnessing sources of energy. Certainly two new discoveries, the gasification of coal [the *New Republic*, February 12] and gas-operated turbines, promise to have far-reaching consequences.

Coal deposits heretofore wasted or unused as uneconomical can now be tapped through underground gasification; low-octane gasoline, so far unsuitable for aviation, can now be used to great advantage thanks to gas turbines and jet propulsion. Limits imposed by the available materials, designs, fuels and motors have been suddenly expanded because new types of prime movers have been created. What economic and social repercussions can we anticipate? They might be only quantitative, but they may, as in the early days of the power age, become qualitative. It is too early at this stage to venture a guess.

The fact remains that we have learned how to make untouchable coal underground available in the form of coal gas. Another fact is that a turbine which can be operated on such gas, or on any form of cheap fuel, has just been created and is now in production. These facts open up new vistas of cheaper power, of a more compact and far lighter motor, of further supplementing manpower by fuel-power and of greater speed and radius of navigation.

There is no name like Stevenson, Morse, Edison, Diesel or Marconi attached to the momentous turbine invention. The gas turbine is the product of a nameless host of technicians, engineers and scientists. It became possible because recent developments in metallurgy produced heat- and corrosion-resisting metals and because aviation research developed new shapes of wings and propellers. With these two contributions from other industries, the designing and experimental work on the gas turbine were done in the drafting rooms and shops of a Swiss university in Zurich and in the works of the Brown-Bovery Company.

Engineers have long been intrigued by the possibility of generating power directly from fuels or explosives. As early as 1791 the turbine spun by flaming gases was described, but one of the drawbacks was that in order to induce combustion with compressed air, it was necessary to supply as much power to the compressor as it was possible to take from the turbine. The famous Professor Stodola, the Swiss turbine wizard of Zurich, proved by computation that this canceling-out must always be so unless a far more efficient compressor was developed. Aviation research accomplished this. Another obstacle was the fact that the burning gases revolving the turbine blades were so hot and corrosive that no known metal could stand their action. This handicap was also removed through the discovery of special alloys by the metallurgists.



Today, led by the pioneer work of the technical staff of the Brown-Bovery works, gas-driven turbines are being developed further by the Westinghouse, Allis-Chalmers, General Electric and De Laval companies. Twenty-seven gas turbines were in existence in the United States in 1944.

The reason why the general public and even engineers know little about this new turbine, is, of course, that we are at war and such useful information must be closely guarded.

What is the gas turbine and in what respect does it differ from the known types of prime movers? Essentially, the gas turbine, like any other turbine, is a wheel with blades which is spun by the impact or flow of the expanding gases. The important part of it is the compressor, or blower, which delivers the stream of air to the combustion chamber. This compressor is placed on the same shaft as the turbine wheel and the efficiency of the compressor blades is of utmost importance. The fuel used in the combustion chamber, which produces the impact on the blades, may be any kind of cheap fuel, such as coal gas, but so far fuel oil has been most frequently used. This fuel oil contains about 3,000 more heating units per pound than 100-octane gasoline; this greatly reduces the bulk and space necessary for fuel supply, especially in aviation and for locomotives. Tests prove that the ash has no noticeable abrasive effect on the turbine blades, nor does the coal fuse the metal as in the furnaces. For stationary uses, at least, the turbine which gasifies coal right at the point of use is of great importance, as such power plants may be conveniently located at the mines.

The gas turbine is approximately one half as big and half as heavy as a Diesel engine of the same power. Unlike the steam turbine, it does not require a steam boiler with stokers, air preheater, steam superheater and condenser. Unlike the gasoline engine, it is short of magneto, distributor, spark plugs and batteries, and it has no reciprocating motion of the pistons to create vibrations. Unlike the Diesel engine, the gas turbine has but one moving element instead of hundreds, and consequently has much less need for repairs and adjustments. It has no cooling system nor elaborate and expensive starting devices.

But despite, or rather because of, this comparative simplicity, the gas turbine's efficiency is equal, or nearly equal, to the most efficient engine—the Diesel motor. At least the manufacturers assert that the new gas models will carry a guarantee of efficiency equal to that of the Diesel and, since the gas turbine can be designed to operate not only on fuel oil, but on producer (coal) gas, the economic advantages and commercial possibilities are enormous. For years geolo-

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gists have been warning that our oil reserves are rapidly being depleted. But the day of reckoning remained at a distance as long as wildcat oil-well drilling was taking chances on striking oil and the percentage of successful new wells just about equaled that of the old wells petering out. Yet the tremendous demands of war transportation and aviation, naval and maritime operations are speeding the depletion of oil and natural-gas reserves and so bringing us nearer to the time when using low-octane gasoline from coal gas and producer gas will be necessary. This new gas turbine meets the demand for a prime mover that can be operated efficiently and economically on the fuels we can in the future derive from our almost unlimited reserves of coal. Experts have calculated that at the present rate of coal consumption, American coal deposits will last for thousands of years.

The field of application of these new gas turbines by no means limits them to use as stationary engines in industrial power plants and central stations of public utilities. Here, of course, their place is assured—especially in connection with the underground gasification of coal in the mines. But the specific characteristics of gas turbines make them particularly well adapted to replace gasoline aviation motors, steam turbines or Diesel engines in the navy and merchant marine, and steam and Diesel locomotives on our railroads. Jet or gas turbine locomotives are a reality.

Present-day aviation motors do not exceed 2,000 to 2,200 horsepower, but a gas turbine of 5,000 horsepower and over is in operation and 10,000 horsepower units are being designed. Besides being able to use cheaper fuel with more power per unit of weight, the gas turbine has no cooling system, no ignition system and no reciprocating pistons in its nine or fourteen cylinders. Even compared with the Guiberson or Warner-Diesel-type radial, air-cooled aviation engines of some 300 horsepower, the gas turbine holds a decided promise of improvement, particularly as it has no complicated lubrication problem and fewer wearing parts.

Similarly, the lighter weight of a gas turbine offers many advantages for ships, as it reduces the weight of fuel in the bunkers and eliminates the need of carrying a fresh water supply for steam boilers. It is claimed that a Liberty ship equipped with a gas turbine can carry 1,000 tons more cargo, while passenger boats or destroyers could develop greater speed, with more power packed into the same hull.

The advantages of this type of gas turbine for locomotives are likewise definite and important. Compared with a steam engine, a gas turbine eliminates the need for good water supply along the road, saves trouble with boilers and reciprocating engine, reduces the weight of the tender and has greater traction power and a smoother run. Compared with Diesel locomotives now pulling heavy freight trains loaded with munitions of war, or de luxe streamliners, the gas-turbine locomotive is not only more economical in operation and maintenance but is also more powerful. The famous "City of Denver" streamliner is now drawn by a four-unit Diesel locomotive; a single car equipped with a gas turbine would do the work. A new type of locomotive is already advertised in the newspapers. While so far, only large-size gas turbines have been built, it is claimed that a turbine of shoe-box size would drive a high-powered automobile. Such are the experimental data and claims of the gas turbine builders; for performance records we must await the end of the war when censorship restrictions will be lifted.

Closely akin to the gas turbine, at least in connection with the motor transport, is the development in Europe within the last 20 years of gas producers installed in motor vehicles. The shortage and high cost of gasoline in France and Germany as well as in England led to the development of gas producers small enough to be installed on a truck or bus. They are fed by wood chips, charcoal or even coke, and within two to four minutes after the producer is started, the vehicle is under way. The cost of solid fuel is only 10 to 20 percent that of gasoline. Experiments in Germany with producer-gas-propelled ships and tugs using anthracite have been so successful that numerous new vessels have been equipped with this form of power. Inasmuch as a gas turbine can use producer gas as fuel, the efficiency of such boats, trucks and buses may be greatly enhanced without depending upon our waning supply of gasoline, by using coal and other solid fuels.

Thus the inventive genius of man strives continually to augment muscle power by more and more fuel power of greater efficiency and cheaper cost. Other byways have been explored, such as the jet-propulsion and even steam-propelled avio-engines of L. C. Trosky. But of all these developments none holds more promise, according to the *Science News Letter*, than the revolutionary, yet tested and proved, gas turbine—the first really new kind of power plant in half a century. What economic and social repercussions this flood of cheap power will produce on our lives is hard to foretell.

WALTER N. POLAKOV

The Bandwagon

For the first time in 82 years, the city [Vicksburg] will celebrate Independence Day next Wednesday, July 4. In announcing the official citywide observance of the holiday, the chamber of commerce said it was intended to show a "new national spirit of unity" brought about by World War II. – *From the Orlando, Florida,* Reporter-Star.

The deaths and *serious* injuries resulting from enemy attacks of all descriptions on this country [Britain] from September, 1939, to March, 1945, were 140,000; the deaths and injuries on the roads were 150,000. – *From "A London Diary" in the* New Statesman and Nation.

Uncle Butch

During his broadcast yesterday Mayor LaGuardia called on all the children of his listeners to gather round. He then read them Dick Tracy from the Sunday *News*, describing each panel of the strip and reading, with gusto, what each character had to say. . . . As he finished the Mayor snapped: "Now then, Morris (Morris S. Novik, WNYC director), I want you to get someone to read the comics to the children every day as long as the children can't get the papers because of the strike. I will do it myself if you can't get anyone else." – *From* PM.

How About the Children?

House bill No. 508, which proposes rewriting the present child-labor law, was amended in the House of Representatives at Springfield last week in a manner said to be satisfactory to employers, and there is every prospect that it will be passed by the general assembly. – *From Illinois Notes, in the* Florists' Review.

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Fraternity?

Countering the charge of James A. Bull, Morrison, Ill., senior, that "fraternities are undemocratic because they discriminate in pledging against Jews, Negroes and other minorities," Donald C. Gray, Indianapolis junior, pointed to the admission of two Mexicans recently by a C. U. [University of Colorado] fraternity. – *From the Rocky Mountain* News.

Total-War Department

The *Daily Herald* said today that the British War Office employed an astrologer during the war. His job . . . was to provide day-by-day reports on the stars, matching what Adolf Hitler presumably was getting from his astrologer to guide his "intuition."

The *Herald* said the scheme worked well enough to spot some of Hitler's intuitive offensives. – *UP dispatch from London to the Chicago* Sun.

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of the New Republic. *Please enclose the original clipping.* – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Who Is Guiltless?

SIR: The present fashion of this wave of collective excoriation of the collective German people is to damn *all* Germans for all things done in the name of the German government. Soldiers' training films and programs of education continue the job, so nobly begun in past years, of trying to dehumanize the German people indiscriminately—men, women, children, Germans in concentration camps who pitted their courage against Nazi tyranny and lost, in the name of their personal human dignity (and there were tens of thousands of these), equally with the Heydrichs and Himmlers and SS henchmen. The GI "Why We Fight" series has propagated the falsehood of "Two Worlds, One White, One Black, One Slave, One Free" to give the enemy the aspect of towering evil and depravity, and that aspect only, in contrast to ourselves. Implicit in this false doctrine is a creed of racism and nationalism as hateful and as much a lie as the Nazi blood-creeds. This official doctrine is easy and dramatic, but a palpable falsity as well as an insult to the intelligence of the GI, whose reaction to many a training program is one of skepticism, because he sees through the half-truths, though he may not be able himself to balance the picture.

How about looking upon evil in more sophisticated terms, in terms other than those of race and nationality? How about seeing the German not as a stereotype conveniently to be cubby-holed, stamped, and sealed, but as a multitude of individuals, with about the same incidence of divergence of type as the American, or anyone else? Before we condemn so sanctimoniously *all* Germans, before we assign a mass guilt, for the concentration-camp horrors, for German crimes, before we prostitute our faculties of discrimination completely, let us ask ourselves how much we know about a few things in our own fair land: What do we know of conditions in our Japanese American relocation centers; in many of our prisons; in our police third-degree bouts; in the Georgia chain gangs; how much do we know about what the Negro puts up with every day of his life, what the Jehovah's Witnesses and the conscientious objector had to suffer?

Our native horrors scarcely compare with the worst of the crimes committed by Germans, yet we have plenty of our own atrocities. And how many times have we not trusted to our own administrators to adjudicate cases where injustice has been done? What we ourselves have done, many a German has done also. If the bulk of Americans are so wise and wideawake that they know about the conditions of the minority groups and institutions mentioned, if they can say they have themselves *fought* against these inequities and not bypassed them, have fought terrorism, racial discrimination and the enemies of liberty—then with some justice they can condemn Germans collectively for the nigh-incredible inhumanities recently publicized. But if most of us have not fought injustice on American soil, have not fought fascism with the American label—is there not need of more humility, sympathy and understanding of others. We who can find so many excuses for our own shortcomings cannot brand another people collectively. The truth runs counterwise.

Somewhere in Belgium SERGEANT B. G. D.

The Northport Veterans' Hospital

SIR: Stories of the mistreatment of mentally disturbed veterans at the Northport, New York, Veterans' Administration Hospital have recently aroused public indignation. The fact that these stories emphasize the beating of white veterans by Negro soldiers may probably be ascribed to the influence of Representative John E. Rankin of Mississippi. Rankin, chairman of a House committee now "investigating" the Veterans' Administration, evidently hopes, by smearing the Negroes, to distract attention from other evidences of VA mismanagement.

Two time-worn policies account for the Northport situation: The VA's neglect of its mentally sick patients, and the Army's treatment of Negro soldiers. The VA has been notorious for its exceptionally low rates of pay, resulting in a second-rate medical personnel, and for dangerous understaffing, such as the assignment at Northport of one doctor to 350 patients or only one nurse to two wards. Similarly the VA has always been hostile to progressive medical techniques. For instance, in the 93 VA facilities there is exactly one research laboratory.

Northport is the site of one of the 33 neuropsychiatric institutions run by the Veterans' Administration. In 1943 the shortage of civilian attendants compelled the VA to ask that army personnel be assigned to the hospital. One hundred and twenty-five Negro soldiers were shipped in. The War Department, in its initial statement of policy regarding the use of soldiers in such institutions, ruled that, so far as possible, these Negroes were to serve under white commissioned officers. One factor in this decision was probably the presence of large numbers of Negro troops in the Second Service Command, comprising the states of New York, New Jersey and Delaware. Top Army policy has opposed the training of large numbers of Negroes for combat; and the relatively high level of education of Negro draftees from this area made them unsuitable or unruly material for labor battalions.

Civilian attendants at the hospital, never having received formal training in the care of the mentally disturbed, had developed their own methods. Emphasis was on absolute control. Beatings, soon after entry into the hospital, and a minimum diet, made the patients spiritless and submissive. Willing candidates for attendants' jobs were found among ex-patients who had been fascinated by the beatings and kickings they had seen dealt out while they were under "care." (Compare the reaction of ex-prisoner guards in German concentration camps.)

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What did these soldiers know about the proper treatment of the mentally disturbed? Their imaginations were filled with stories of how "crazy people" acted. Their only guide was the elementary techniques of the civilian attendants. No other training was given them. Dr. Harold Foster lectured a few times, it is true, warning them not to strike patients. His admonition to call another attendant if patients became threatening, and to use mattresses to quiet them, was sardonically remembered by soldiers who had been left alone in a violent ward with 54 homicidals.

At first no effort was made to select soldiers temperamentally suited to work in a mental institution. Volunteers were not requested, although there was a War Department provision that a man might sign out after six months. In practice, signing out was discouraged. However, beginning in September, 1943, men with relatively high IQ's were assigned straight from the induction centers, and this practice continued until the spring of 1944. Then the Army began sending in veterans from overseas who, because of disabilities received in combat areas, had become ineligible for further foreign service. The first group of 28 sent to Northport went on a mass sitdown strike and obtained shipment out in three days. After that, overseas veterans were judiciously mixed with new inductees. By early fall of 1944 it was found that nine percent of the company were under observation or had been committed as insane, and a little more attention began to be given to requests for transfer at the end of six months.

In the last few months, the management of the hospital, under a new director, has made much capital of improper conduct by some Negro soldiers who were being used as attendants. However, as Major General Thomas A. Terry of the Second Service Command points out, the fact that only Negro soldiers were convicted of beating patients is meaningless, since the only soldiers used as attendants were Negroes.

Very recently, 183 white soldiers, many of them overseas veterans, were sent in to serve as attendants. Of the Negroes, 153 were shipped out and 135 were left behind to instruct the whites. To the surprise of the management, the Negro and white soldiers made common cause. Although the majority of white soldiers were from the South, they resisted all efforts at segregation, and cordial relations persist among the men. Most of the Negro soldiers would like to stay, under a sympathetic administration, though it is doubtful whether any man who has been in combat should be required to care for the mentally disturbed. This leaves the VA and the War Department in a dilemma, since the hospital management does not want Negroes at all, and official War Department policy is to discourage mixed units.

New York City P.F.C.

The Quetico-Superior Wilderness Area

SIR: The roadless area of one million acres on the International Boundary within the Superior National Forest in Minnesota is in danger of permanent ruin by the invasion of resorts catering to tourists and served by airplanes and motor boats. Two commercial resorts, in the heart of this matchless solitude are already established on Crooked Lake, with more in the offing. Unless these developments are checked and the land acquired by the United States Forest Service through federal appropriations and by condemnation, if necessary, the main purpose of the great effort put forth by many interested and unselfish organizations and citizens, of which President Roosevelt's five-man Quetico Superior Commission is one, will be brought to nought.

The purchase program, by which the Forest Service has acquired all but 136,000 acres within the wilderness area, remains unfinished through lack of further appropriations for buying land for national forests. An effort must be made to procure the necessary funds, estimated to be about $700,000.

It is most unfortunate that in their enthusiasm for obtaining an area ten times as great, six-tenths of which lies in Ontario, the sponsors of this program have endeavored, by unrealistic arguments and inaccurate statements, to force the sovereign state of Minnesota to relinquish its two state forests, adjoining the wilderness area but wholly different in character and developed much more for extensive use by persons seeking pleasure and relaxation by automobile. These developments now exist, nor would they be changed by transfer from state to federal ownership.

The water levels of the border lakes have been safeguarded first by the national Shipstead-Nolan Act of 1930, supplemented by a similar state law, which laws reserve the timber on publicly owned lands and prohibit flooding, and second, by a treaty with the Dominion of Canada ratified in its present form in 1940, under which an International Joint Commission has jurisdiction over lake lands and dams, its recommendations being subject to ratification by the respective governments of the two countries. An important state-land exchange, by which Minnesota would acquire 50,000 acres and 100 miles of shore line, is being opposed on the basis that the private owners wish to reserve the right of raising the water levels—a question coming wholly under the existing treaty, which was obtained by these same opponents. These differences with the state of Minnesota constitute the chief stumbling block at present to the preservation of this true wilderness area.

New Haven, Conn. H. H. CHAPMAN

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Mr. A. A. Brown of San Antonio, Texas, sends us a letter from a soldier overseas who strongly objects to the admission of Argentina into the United Nations Conference. He says: "It means that in the next war, which I pray will never occur, fascist-minded nations can remain technically neutral, while actually siding with the fascists, and do so in utter safety. . . . That is the most horrible sort of travesty on justice. . . . That bad news has clouded my brain all day long and is still clouding it at this late hour. . . . I have such fear now for the future of the world. . . . I fear it means that the forces of reaction are again in the saddle and are driving the world into another horrible conflict. . . . I hope and pray so fervently that we are about to embark on many hundred years of liberty and brotherhood."

M. Maestro, Italian News Editor of CBS, whose letter on the Trieste dispute was published in our issue of June 11, writes again to differ with certain points made by Richard Zavertnik, whose letter on the same subject appeared in our issue of July 2. Mr. Maestro believes that the word Trieste is derived from the Latin name "Tergeste" (not the Slovene "trs," as Mr. Zavertnik claims), and that the city was founded by the ancient Romans (rather than the early Slovenes). Mr. Maestro also says that while Italian is, in his opinion, the natural language of the city, people were not imprisoned for speaking Slovene.

H. G. Rhawn, publisher of the Clarksburg *News*, Clarksburg, West Virginia, sends us a copy of a letter from a soldier in Burma which appeared recently in his paper. The letter describes the skill of Negro truck drivers of the Engineer Corps on the perilous new Ledo Road: "Those Negro drivers are wonderful. With all the nonchalance and aplomb of one of the Mitchell taxicab drivers they steer those monster trucks past 100-foot gorges and around hairpin turns to the muddy bottom. And some, poor devils, don't go past those gorges." The soldier closes with the wish that Southern white-supremacists could see this "faithful application of courage and brawn."

Harry N. Owen of Minneapolis brings to our attention an error in Seymour Harris' "The Attack on Price Control" (the *New Republic*, July 2). The price of copper should have been given as 20 cents a pound.

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Books in Review

Love Among the Ruins

NEW YORK booksellers—and probably some in certain of the provinces—have been puzzled and pleased in the last few years at requests for the books of Scott Fitzgerald. Throughout most of the thirties their remainder tables had been piled high with shiny copies of *Tender Is the Night* and *Taps for Reveille* at 79 cents or less, and their second-hand fiction shelves had been crowded with fading copies of *This Side of Paradise*, *Flappers and Philosophers* and other of his early successes. *The Great Gatsby* had been immortalized by inclusion in the Modern Library early in the thirties, but in 1939 (a little more than a year before his death) it was dropped because of poor sales. His death was the signal for rather deprecating sociological obituaries in the New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune*, but in the literary journals the passing of an important artist whose work possessed far more than a sensational historical "significance" was acknowledged by men of his own generation and by younger writers whom one would not have suspected of having had much regard for him.

An unfinished novel, *The Last Tycoon*, received more critical acclaim than any book of Fitzgerald's since *The Great Gatsby*, and now Edmund Wilson has brought together several of his unpublished pieces, a selection from the notebooks and the letters, essays and poems in memoriam, and a selection of letters to Fitzgerald which are for the most part tributes from several of his most distinguished contemporaries.[1] And it should not be forgotten that in Charles Jackson's *The Lost Weekend*, which in subject and style is symptomatic of one of the deepest-running currents in the writing of this decade, Don Birnam, drunk or sober, kneels at the shrines of Shakespeare and—F. Scott Fitzgerald.

What attracted a fairly large public to his earlier work was of course the entree it offered to the *haut monde* of the Jazz Age. (Charles Weir Jr., under a title borrowed from Auden, "An Invite with Gilded Edges," which appeared in the Winter, 1944, number of the *Virginia Quarterly Review*, has dealt with this aspect of his work.) The rest of Mr. Weir's essay, however, is a rather severe accounting of what he regards as the essential limitations of Fitzgerald, but he acknowledges the qualities in his work that commanded the admiration of his peers: his craftsmanship and "his understanding of his themes and characters in a deeper sense" which led him to "perceptions which rise above the individual, above the surface, not only recording but evaluating whole fields of experience in a casual phrase."

This formulation will recall characteristic passages to Fitzgerald's admirers; for example, a paragraph that impressed its author so deeply that he used it on two occasions, in *Tender Is the Night* and in one of his finest short stories, "A Short Trip Home." In each case a member of the upper classes encounters

> a type of which he had been conscious since early youth—a type that loafed about tobacco stores with one elbow on the counter and watched, through heaven knew what small chink of the mind, the people who came in and out. Intimate to garages, where he had vague business conducted in undertones, to barber shops, to the lobbies of theatres. . . . Sometimes the face bobbed up in one of Tad's more savage cartoons—in boyhood Dick had often thrown an uneasy glance at the dim borderland of crime on which he stood.

In one form or another this "type" bobs up in all Fitzgerald's work; not in anything so crude as naked class struggle but rather as some indefinable challenge to the security, the complacency or the profligacy of the paradise of the beautiful and damned sad young flappers and philosophers. It is a shabby Asbury Park in one book, the dreary middle class of a Southern town in another, in a third the murder of an American Negro in Paris. It is a tribute to both the artist and the man that, whatever retreats and evasions he may have made in his work and life, he continually fought to portray and understand the "dim borderlands" of American social life. It is strange, but somehow heartening that near the end of that flamboyant journey from St. Paul to Princeton to St. Raphael to Hollywood he could write to his daughter, then a student at Vassar, "Some time when you feel very brave and defiant and haven't been invited to one particular college function, read the terrible chapter in *Das Kapital* on 'The Working Day,' and see if you are ever quite the same."

A sociologist could undoubtedly assess the attitudes of American classes (which are not easily definable along economic lines), but in Fitzgerald's work there is the subtlest record of the brushings and clashes of these attitudes. Implicit in his fiction, it is explicit in his letters. For example, his very special college prejudices: "Scratch a Yale man with both hands and you'll be lucky to find a coast guard. . . . The Tiger Inn type, little nervous system. . . . [She] is a damned attractive woman, and while the husband's a haberdasher he's at least a Groton haberdasher (he went there, I mean, to school)." Trivial as these remarks are, they do reveal a feeling for nuance that is almost completely absent in American social fiction. Fitzgerald's degrees of snobbishness may be indefensible on other grounds, but they give his writing weight and specification.

The present *omnium gatherum* is in many ways disappointing. Of Fitzgerald's own work the letters are of chief importance; the notebooks are less rewarding than those notes for *The Last Tycoon* which have already been published, and of his unpublished pieces only the title piece and an obituary notice on his friend Ring Lardner add anything to the canon. The letters from Gertrude Stein, Edith Wharton, T. S. Eliot, John Dos Passos and Thomas Wolfe are in varying degrees contributions to the history of our literature, as are the essays of Paul Rosenfeld, Glenway Wescott and Dos Passos. It is too early to attempt to place

[1] The Crack-Up, by F. Scott Fitzgerald. With Other Uncollected Pieces, Notebooks and Unpublished Letters. Edited by Edmund Wilson. New York: New Directions. 347 pages. $3.50.

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Fitzgerald, but it is doubtful whether more than one or two other authors of his generation (possibly a greater period than we sometimes realize) could have commanded such praise from their contemporaries. GEORGE MAYBERRY

Holy Moley

The Hays Office, by Raymond Moley. Indianapolis and New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 270 pages. $3.75.

ALTHOUGH he is ordinarily a rather prosaic fellow, Raymond Moley grows all misty-eyed and lyric when he contemplates Will Hays and his greatness. You will have to search far in the field of inspirational literature to find anything more edifying than the Professor's description of how the cinema's great moral leader felt the mantle of St. Paul descend upon him. It was, of course, a Christmas morning, and Mr. Hays was brooding over his breakfast as to whether he should make the sacrifice of giving up the postmaster-generalship to become the spiritual head of the film industry at $100,000 a year. In the next room his two sons were arguing under the Christmas tree about who was to be Bill Hart.

But you must hear the ecstatic Mr. Moley tell it. "Hays," he writes, "put down his newspaper. There went through his mind, he says, the familiar words, 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength.' Suddenly he realized that Bill Hart was real and close and important to his sons and his nephews, that the movies were important to millions of children and grown-ups. It wasn't just a job that had been offered to him. It was a challenge, a duty. And the tears still come to his eyes when he tells that he stood up, then, in the shadow of the Christmas tree and silently repeated the vow of St. Paul: 'And this I do.' " I cannot promise that Mr. Moley is always in so lofty a vein in his new book, *The Hays Office*, but there is enough of this spirit to give the work a moral fervor that is all its own.

In his foreword, the author says he became interested in the activities of the Hays organization, not, as you might otherwise suppose, because he was fascinated by the sight of a strong man in tears, but because of his concern with self-government in industry. To him it is a stirring and dramatic sight, and one well worthy of his erudite talents, to watch that splendid amalgamation of art and business, the cinema, led by a great and pious man, solve its problems without federal interference and go on loftily to pursue the true, the beautiful and the good. All this the Professor endeavors to describe in an almost incredibly dull and stuffy book that has all the insight and candor of an authorized campaign biography of some forgotten candidate for President. Nevertheless, it does possess a perverse sort of interest through the manner in which, setting out to show how the motion picture has grown to maturity and a fine understanding of its world mission under the wise ministrations of its leader, it manages to prove just the contrary.

If Mr. Moley were not so insistent on the spiritual triumph of the films he might have been more convincing. Under the benevolent regime of Will Hays, Hollywood has certainly triumphed materially, dominating the world market by its lavish slickness, thrusting the once mighty theatre into economic thraldom and providing popular entertainment on the most gigantic of scales. This is no small success, in a slightly repulsive way. It has won its victory, however, at the cost of artistic integrity, genuine creative imagination, courage and any serious undertaking of its potential mission as American cultural ambassador to the world. The world certainly goes to see its products, because they are frequently filled with shrewd showmanship, but anyone who has watched them in recent years in foreign lands knows how unpleasant an impression of our life they have made on Allied and neutral nations.

Mr. Moley is aware that there have been shortcomings, but it is his conviction that the upright leadership of Will Hays, aided by such stalwart moral groups as the Legion of Decency, has given the films the proper ethical tone and made them worthy of carrying the banner of our civilization to the alien. In fact, he is sure that the cinema's Production Code, based on the high principles of the Legion of Decency's Martin Quigley, represents "the basic moral unity of Western civilization." He looks upon it as the Magna Carta of the industry and feels that when the screen magnates decided to abide by it they were making "a reaffirmation of their responsibility to the patrons of the business." The truth is rather that the whole Legion of Decency episode represented the easy victory of a Catholic pressure group over the nation's most timorous industry, and that, while it did succeed in clamping some of the group's taboos on the films, it is impossible to see how the general tone of the screen was raised in any way.

In the sense in which the Legion of Decency appears to be concerned with it, it is not particularly the moral tone of the Hollywood product which deserves attack. The chief trouble is the lack of taste and imagination, the absence of rich mind and emotion, the shallowness of prevailing values and the shabbiness of its dramatic conceptions. These things do not bother Mr. Moley—or Mr. Hays—so long as Mr. Quigley isn't shocked and the "hells" and "damns" stay out of the dialogue. What interests him is the wonderful way in which the Hays organization got the right ethical lesson into "Anna Karenina." He is delighted that the speeches in Noel Coward's fine film about the British navy, "In Which We Serve," were successfully scrubbed, and he feels that the tone of the celebrated prewar French pictures was hopelessly decadent. His way of estimating the improvement in the quality of the cinema seems to be to count the number of famous novels that are filmed.

Despite his great admiration for the Hays office, Mr. Moley has omitted some of its most satisfying triumphs. He notes that there was work involved in salvaging a story called "The Command to Love," but he has overlooked the charming detail that its name was regarded as morally dubious and was changed to the graceful title of "The Boudoir Diplomat." Apparently he has not heard that in the brilliant film, "The Informer," there might have been a shocking scene indicating a Dublin brothel had not the distinguished director, John Ford, decided to put hats on the girls, thereby convincing those in moral authority that it was a respectable place. Then, there was the early Pennsylvania censor, the spiritual ancestor of the Hays organization, who, finding a silent-film caption describing a character as a prostitute, fixed everything by changing it to "actress." At the very least the screen deserves a racier chronicler than Raymond Moley. RICHARD WATTS JR.

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The City Beautiful

The City Is the People, by Henry S. Churchill. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 186 pages. $3.

IN RECENT WORKS on city planning there is no longer an isolated emphasis on traffic congestion or on the socio-biological problems of slum clearance, density and rentals. The old slogan of the City Beautiful is somewhat apologetically revived, now conceived as the formal expression of the chief social functions; but the main cry has come to be for general Integration—integration of living, work, culture, transportation, leisure, etc. This is a return to the great tradition of planning (I mean of books on planning) of Sitte, LeCorbusier, Frank Lloyd Wright. The difference between the great men and these new "integrators" is simply this: that the great men proceeded from a concrete integrating principle, a deeply felt vision often somewhat peculiar, so that one might reject it as arbitrary yet nevertheless know that here was a reality of human life not to be disregarded. The new integrators cry out for integration in the abstract; they are quick to show how contemporary life is atomic and leads to insoluble dilemmas; but they are so sunk in the very prejudices whose consequences they attack that one cannot discover on what basis they imagine an integration is possible. The general formulation is pretty good, but they seem to have not an inkling of, nor any interest in, a way of life. Such a new book is *The City Is the People*, by Henry S. Churchill, one of the architects of the Queensbridge (New York) Houses.

"In the broad sense," says this author, "neither physical nor economic planning has any meaning except in reference to social objectives." He then describes the objectives:

> It is not a Utopian ideal. . . . A clean house, with room for family life, and privacy, a bit of ground for the children or adequate community playgrounds; a good school; a steady job that will feed, house, clothe and doctor the family; the neighborhood movie, bowling alley, saloon; and the libraries, museums, theatres, or what not somewhere in the center of things. That is for the everyday living of the backbone of the city.

Now I confess that I cannot see how this surely un-Utopian ideal can possibly lead to an integration any different from what we now have. Does the author imagine that the present situation does not spring from social causes, and that these causes do not find expression among the petty-bourgeoisie and misguided workers in this un-Utopian ideal? What is the sense of talking integration of work and living, for instance, if the ideal of the work is a steady income quite apart from personal creativeness or social coöperation? What is the meaning of the City Beautiful when the cultural norm is the local movie, etc., or the distant centralized museum to which a holiday visit is paid? What would be taught in a "good school" except to revolt violently against this un-Utopian ideal? But Churchill goes even further in his acceptance: in general he is for the breakdown of dense urban concentrations, for the return to a more leisurely environment, and "finally," he says,

> there is the greatest of all centrifugal pressures—defense against warfare from the air. The destruction of cities in the present war is only a prelude to the destruction that will be possible in World War III. The only possible protection is scattering of industry, buildings, people. This is of a piece with the other forces making for decentralization.

Of a piece! He is right. The fact is that our present cities are extremely integrated: every function is a social necessity and in turn necessitates others; the more absurd the anomaly, such as the traffic jam caused by the "conquest of space," the more likely is it to spring deep from the contemporary soul, for these people who have the High Standard of Living really do not need or want to go anywhere. If they are planning new wars and defenses, it is that they hate their lives, even after their cities are decentralized. Surely the problem is not to make things work a little better, but for people to want anything at all enough not to bomb it all to hell.

PAUL GOODMAN

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Democracy—for Whom?

Color and Democracy: Colonies and Peace, by W. E. B. DuBois. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 143 pages. $2.

FOR MORE THAN a quarter of a century, W. E. B. DuBois has been fighting the cause of the colonial peoples. Always he has fought against odds; sometimes he has had to fight alone. He has faced inertia, prejudice, misunderstanding. But he has never given over. Rather his vision has been sharpened and his perceptions deepened by the constant frustrations that have been put in his way.

All this is apparent in the discussion of the colonial problem in relation to world democracy and future world peace that now comes from his pen. Out of the sensitivity of his own endowment and the richness of his experience, he has written of the dangers that lie ahead if we fail to heed the unrest of the tens of millions who have no outlet for their aspirations, and who, in the world parliament, will have no voice of their own. The book itself was inspired by the failure of the Dumbarton Oaks Conference to include the problem in its deliberations. It has not lost its timeliness by reason of the San Francisco meeting, however, for the action taken there concerning what the language of diplomacy now delicately refers to as "dependent peoples" or "trusteeship areas" only underscores the points made in it.

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DuBois lays the whole dismal problem before his reader with a stark realism that is badly needed in these days of decision. The economic drives that underlie the competition for colonies, the poverty of native peoples who live under foreign domination, the well meant, unilateral measures for ameliorating this situation, the prestige value of empire and the racist rationalizations that bolster the colonial system are all considered. The point of the book cannot be better made than by quoting the author:

> Today, as we try in anticipation to rebuild the world, the propositions of Dumbarton Oaks center their efforts upon stopping war by force and at the same time leaving untouched, save by vague implication, the causes of war, especially those causes which lurk in rivalry for power and prestige, race dominance, and income arising from the ownership of men, land and materials. So long as colonial imperialism exists there can be neither peace on earth nor good will toward men.

One aspect of the problem, almost universally ignored in current discussions of the future of empire, in itself is a contribution of the first order—that home governments will be so pressed to meet the costs of rehabilitation and various forms of socialized aid that the hands of even the most liberal regimes will be tied in any effort to give over colonial possessions. "The temptation to recoup and balance the financial burden of increased taxation by investment in colonies, where social services are at their lowest and standards of living below the requirements of civilization, is going to increase decidedly; and the disposition of parties on the Left, liberal parties, and philanthropy to press for colonial improvements will tend to be silenced by the bribe of vastly increased help by government to better conditions." This is something which, once pointed out, is self-evident; it is all the more reason for mobilizing sentiment in those countries where these considerations do not obtain, in order to preserve world peace by aiding colonial peoples as they press for ultimate freedom.

The book is wise in that it envisages the problem of the disenfranchised everywhere, correctly designating this problem as a primary source of future wars because of the discontent of these people. In this, the discussion will startle those who in this country think of colonialism as a system in which only other countries participate. For the Negro in our own South, DuBois points out again and again, is as much a part of this complex as is the South Sea islander or the Congo native. It is the presence of the Negro as a focus for discrimination that in so many instances causes us to nullify our democracy, and handicaps us in the same way as the colonial empires of England and Holland and France and Belgium handicap them in the struggle for world peace, by removing the moral initiative given by their democratic systems of government.

Perhaps because this country is not an imperialistic power of the conventional type, our people are only slightly aware of their stake in the solution of the colonial problem. Yet this problem, it cannot be stressed too often, is a world problem, if only in that it is one of the greatest obstacles to the attainment of world peace. This book, which, it is to be hoped, will attain wide circulation, should help bring us to a realization of our need to concern ourselves with colonial matters and our obligation to help resolve the difficulties they pose.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

A Reader's List

MAINSPRINGS OF CIVILIZATION, by Ellsworth Huntington. (Wiley, $4.75). This book of 660 pages represents a resumé of almost forty years of study and exploration by the eminent geographer and research associate of Yale University. It concerns the role of biological inheritance and geographical environment in shaping the course of human history. It is global in scope and novel in approach and treatment. You may not completely agree with his ideas about the effect of atmospheric ozone, for example, on animal reproduction. You may not accept his conclusions regarding the interrelation of electricity in the air and the rhythm of business cycles. But Huntington will make you think along new lines. His explanation of the selective action of migration, nomadism and religion which led to the formation of "kiths," or groups of people with a similar language and culture will fascinate you if you like fairly heavy reading.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SCIENCE, edited by Forest Ray Moulton and Justus J. Schifferes (Doubleday, Doran, $4). This is the third book published in the last three years which attempts to familiarize the public with the significant pioneer contributions of the great men of science of all time. This is done by reprinting key passages from

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their original writings. Every field of science is represented, and, in general, the selections are simple and well written. Brief introductory remarks by the editors help in the understanding of the importance of these discoveries. The appearance of this 666-page anthology, together with its two predecessors—Shapley's *A Treasury of Science* and Beebe's *The Book of Naturalists*—is a definite indication of the realization by both layman and scientist that science is cultural in the same sense that art and literature are cultural. This book should help stimulate further interest in the history of science not only among professional scientists but also among generally well informed people.

MEN AT WORK, by Stuart Chase (Harcourt, Brace, $2). Stuart Chase's newest book offers a series of enthusiastic case studies which illustrate how a genuine grass-roots democracy really works. The underlying motif is human adaptation to the strains and stresses of the power age. How shall we sustain the human personality in a climate of collective controls? asks Mr. Chase. He finds that the first steps toward a solution were made at the Western Electric Hawthorne plant. Studies there proved that output was related in some way to "group spirit"; the human factor in production could not be ignored. Mr. Chase then surveys the labor-management-committee program and the Training-Within-Industry courses conducted by the War Manpower Commission. The latter is an especially fascinating idea, for it is a serious attempt to subordinate the machine to man. Other cases show how a bureaucracy, the Social Security Board, was humanized, how the Farm Security Agency gave one hundred depressed sharecroppers a new start and how a ghost lumber town was able to discover new ways of living. These examples, Mr. Chase insists, show that modern technology and social controls can work together. Is there a better way, he asks, to combine planning with democracy?

CONTEMPORARY AMERICA, by Harvey Wish (Harpers, $4). This textbook history of the United States since 1900, one of the most recent and probably one of the best, exhibits the virtues and vices of the breed. The virtues are generally embraced in the adjective "comprehensive." The vices are more numerous. One of them is the tendency to reduce interpretation to a minimum and to render historical judgments squeamishly and by indirection, if at all. The author is an able and—in other works—notably liberal young historian. But one need only read his delicate handling of the Sacco-Vanzetti case to see what a deadening effect writing a textbook can have. Another textbook vice is the inevitable string of ghastly three-line literary judgments that result from the writers' attempts to do "justice" to "cultural trends." F. Scott Fitzgerald, we learn here for the hundredth time, "pictured the sophisticated 'flaming youth,' 'flappers' and cocktail parties of the period and aroused some apprehension over the postwar generation; most of his work, however, rarely rose above mediocrity." And William Faulkner's *Sanctuary* "scored the stubborn backwardness and reactionary mentality of certain Southern types"!

Crime and Punishment

THE CURSE OF THE BRONZE LAMP, by Carter Dickson (Morrow, $2). Much the best of this book comes near the beginning when H. M. (Sir Henry Merrivale to the uninitiated, if such there be) wins a Pyrrhic victory over a Cairo taxi-driver. Thereafter even the curse that is supposed to attach to the bronze lamp found in the tomb of an Egyptian high priest, which Lady Helen Loring takes back to England, is anti-climax. Lady Helen does vanish as she enters her Gothic castle, as prophesied, and the Old Man solves the tricky problem, but it is pretty thin fare. E. H.

Contributors

H. N. Brailsford, a contributing editor of the *New Republic*, is a widely known British writer on history, economics and international affairs. His most recent book is *Our Settlement with Germany*, published last October by the John Day Company.

Karl Korstad is a sergeant in the Medical Detachment at the Stark General Hospital, where he has done public-relations work since the summer of 1942 and edits the camp newspaper. Prior to his induction, he taught Semantics and Modern Literature at an Eastern university.

Ruth Danenhower Wilson's most recent book is *Jim Crow Joins Up*, published in June by the Press of William J. Clark.

Lieutenant Michael Straight, an editor of the *New Republic* now on leave of absence, is serving with the Army Air Forces.

Dylan Thomas is a young Welsh poet whose most recent book, *New Poems*, was published last year by New Directions.

Walter N. Polakov is a well known industrial engineer, now living in Washington, D. C.

Richard Watts Jr. was the movie critic for the New York *Herald Tribune* before he became that paper's dramatic critic.

Paul Goodman, novelist, poet and critic, has collaborated with his brother, Percival, on a book on community planning, *The Way of Life and the Means of Livelihood*. The first collection of his short stories, *The Facts of Life*, has just been published by the Vanguard Press.

Melville J. Herskovits, professor of Anthropology at Northwestern University, has been mainly concerned with the results of physical and cultural contacts between peoples, with special reference to the Negroes of Africa and the New World.

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